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THE plain intention of the Germans to seek a decision on the plains of northern France this summer does not alter the fact that the nature of the decision is more likely to depend upon the rate of comparative attrition than upon any other single factor. The Germans are putting forth the greatest effort of the war. They have effected a heavier concentration both of men and munitions against the British and French line than they have on any previous occasion. But they are making this concentration after three years and a half of exhausting fighting, and the success of the attack depends upon its ability to accomplish a decisive strategic success within a comparatively short time. For their resources are limited, and if the success is too long delayed or can be made too expensive, it might be as disastrous in its effects as a defeat. They will be checked and ultimately driven back as a consequence of the fierce determination of the British and French troops to exact for every sacrifice of life or territory a penalty disproportionate to the value thereof to the enemy. The Germans have frequently won great military successes in this war but except in some minor instances their successes have never been decisive. When the critical moment came they were too exhausted to deliver the really victorious blow. General Haig's appeal to his soldiers is really a communication to his army of the tactics, which, if resolutely pursued, will exhaust the German offensive before it has attained a decisive success.

AMERICANS have too often placed an unnecessarily gloomy interpretation upon Marshal Haig's recent appeal to the British troops to stand their ground and die rather than retreat. Under the circumstances he had a sound and specific military reason for asking his troops to resist at any cost rather than yield ground. The English army is not in the position of the Russian army in the summer of 1915. It is fighting with its back to the Channel, and it cannot pursue the tactics of sacrificing territory rather than troops until the German offensive has exhausted its momentum. It will sometimes be obliged to sacrifice life rather than to lose territory, and, if it cannot avoid losing territory, to make the Germans pay dearly for every additional acre out of which it is forced. What this means in practice is that small bodies of English soldiers will often need deliberately to risk or to accept annihilation provided by so doing they can annihilate a larger number of Germans. Assuming of course that the English are not out-generaled, the German offensive will be checkmated by the coolness, the stubbornness and the skill with which English regimental, battalion and company commanders resist the German advance, and if necessary allow themselves to be killed whenever by so doing they can inflict the utmost injury on the enemy.

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COUNT CZERNIN is the adroitest statesman the Central Powers possess, but guiding the affairs of the Dual Empire is a task that would overstrain the abilities of even a more talented man. The Austro-Hungarian foreign minister has to conciliate a German and Hungarian population thoroughly weary of the war and disillusioned of military adventure; he has to quiet the revolutionary tendencies of the recalcitrant Slavic and Latin peoples included within the Empire; he has to retain the confidence of Germany, while allaying the fears of his own nationals that Austro-Hungarian interests may be sacrificed to German ambition. He must incline toward peace while covertly adding to the dominions of the Empire; he must wear a guise of liberalism while resisting all tendencies toward national autonomy. Czernin carried the policy of compromise to the extreme, and appears to have failed at every point. The Germans hate him and the ruling races of Austria-Hungary distrust him. Not even the most brutal blood and iron statesman could be more thoroughly detested by the Czecho-Slovaks and Jugo-Slavs. While carrying on a peace offensive that excited the bitter hostility of the militarists of all the Central Powers, he permitted himself to be exposed as an agent of conscienceless imperialism by the Rumanian peace treaty. Plainly, his day was done. Kaiser Karl's letter-writing exploit, of which he alone among European statesmen has asserted ignorance, served as a dignified, quasi-constitutional occasion for his retirement. We are unable to predict happiness for his successor.

SUPPOSE an armistice had been the result of Kaiser Karl's letter to Prince Sixtus de Bourbon. Suppose that Kaiser Karl, at the peace table, had gone through the motions of supporting, with all his "personal influence, France's just claims regarding Alsace-Lorraine." Suppose his support turned out to be worth zero. In that case his letter would be our notion of a German-Austrian peace trap, a document cooked up by the two Kaisers. But the alarm which sounds through all that Kaiser Karl has said since the letter was published is too sincere for this interpretation. He must have written a letter without telling Kaiser Wilhelm what he was about. The Austrian explanations are four: Kaiser Karl did not write any letter of the kind; the letter he wrote has been garbled; some forger substituted the letter published in France for the real letter; the author of the letter was not Kaiser Karl but his mother-in-law. Without attempting to guess exactly what he did write to Prince Sixtus, and admitting that the text as published is very likely inaccurate, we cannot help coming to the conclusion that in the spring of 1917 Kaiser Karl did secretly, behind Kaiser Wilhelm's back, make a peace offer not to France only, but through her to all her Allies. Everything points to this conclusion—the fervor of Kaiser Karl's protestations, the rich confusion of the explanations sent from Vienna, Kaiser Wilhelm's assurance that no explanation was necessary, the official Austrian statement that "the affair is herewith declared to be at an end." Since the war began there have probably been many occasions when Austria would have made a separate peace if she had dared.

AN American resident in Italy writes as follows about the current of political opinion in that country: "Since coming to Italy last December I have been surprised and impressed by the widespread diffusion among many classes of the Italian people (not necessarily socialists) of democratic, rational and anti-imperialist ideas concerning Italy's real war aims. These ideas are closely allied to the ones which have been expressed and developed in the pages of the New Republic. They are set forth clearly and forcibly in a weekly periodical called L'Unita, which is edited by two enlightened radicals, the Marchese de Vite and de Marco and Prof. Salvenini of Florence. Opinions of this kind are far more widespread and influential in Italy than is generally believed and unless Americans recognize this fact they will fall into a serious and perhaps a mischievous error." There are many indications that the current in public opinion mentioned by our correspondent is increasing in momentum and that the attitude of the Italian government has been influenced by it. Many Italian statesmen and publicists are trying to accommodate the war aims of Italy to the programme of French, British and American liberals and they are meeting with some success. When political discussion revives after the end of the present offensive in France, it may not be impossible to unite all four of the western enemies of Germany upon a statement of peace terms closely resembling that prepared by the Inter-Allied Labor Conference in London.

AT this distance it is impossible to estimate in the true order of their relative importance the motives behind Lloyd George's man power bill. The extension of conscription to men between forty and fifty years of age cannot be related directly to the great battle now going on in France. These men can hardly have any real military value, even for purposes of home defense, until they have received at least three months' training, and nothing appears clearer than the German intention to succeed or fail within the next three months. The in-

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troduction of conscription in Ireland appears similarily remote from the immediate need. Assuming that conscription will work and that it will produce the estimated contingent of 100,000 soldiers, it still remains true that much time must elapse before these four army corps can appear in France. And time is of the essence of every military policy today. Lloyd George doubtless took into account the fact that Irish conscription would offer valuable moral ammunition to the enemy and would create grave misgivings in the breasts of multitudes of friends of England in America, whence many times 100,000 men are to be had in addition to the numbers expected, if the whole people are behind the war without reservation, each person in the army or in industry resolutely doing his utmost. What gains does Lloyd George count on as an offset to the possible risks of Irish conscription? One possible gain is a stiffening of morale among the troops now so desperately engaged in France and Flanders. Such terrible sacrifices are demanded of them that they might naturally be expected to murmur bitterly against the exemption from service of any class of British subjects, on grounds however cogent in ordinary circumstances.

THERE is something mysterious about the remarkable decline in submarine attacks in the last weeks. It has been expected that with the lengthening of the days the submarine toll would grow heavier, even if the submarine commanders had not had any reason for making increased efforts. But now if ever the submarines ought to achieve maximum results. The shipping movement is active, and since the opening of the offensive and Lloyd George's appeal, the Germans must believe that the transport of troops is unusually heavy. There is no reason for believing that the Germans have given up their belief in the moral value of frightfulness. They would accept extreme risks in order to strike horror into America by the sinking of a transport. The logical conclusion is that the defensive measures of the Allied navies must be gaining in efficacy. What if the hoped-for solution of the submarine problem were at hand? If the Germans had anticipated such an event a month ago, they would inevitably have made up their minds to throw into an offensive their very last reserves of man power, if there were even the remotest chance of forcing an early military decision. As a fact, they are plainly resolved upon winning the present battle if they can, no matter what the cost. And as a fact, submarine sinkings have fallen very low. But this is doubtless mere coincidence. And if it is more than that we shall get definite information when policy will warrant giving it.

WHY should any one blame Mr. Hays, chairman of the Republican National Committee, for trying to unite, on no platform, all shades of Republicans from radicals to reactionaries? For of course no platform could unite this political Babel, and any statement made now might turn rancid and mouldy before the opening of the next congressional campaign.

Allied Unity at Last

WITH the agreement of the French and British governments to confer upon General Foch the title of Commander in Chief of the Allied Armies operating in France, the military unity of the Allies becomes absolute. American assent to unification had already been assured. Indeed, the American support of a unified military policy has been perhaps the most potent factor working toward its realization. America has further proved her faith in unity in the most striking manner conceivable. She has not merely consented to the placing of her armies under a common command, but in agreeing to permit American troops to be brigaded with the French and British America has demonstrated her willingness to forego even that last and most justifiable of national claims, to win her victories or suffer her defeats under the national name. It is not to be recorded in history that here the American army stood, there it was forced to yield ground. To quote Mr. Balfour, "surely no greater proof was ever given of devotion to the common cause than has been given recently by President Wilson and the American government in agreeing to allow the troops of America to fight . . . not as an American army, but with British and French troops."

The sacrifices that have been imposed upon the American and the Allied military establishments in order to attain to military unity have been heavy. But in the face of the German menace, which is today more grave than at any time since the battle of the Marne, nothing counts but immediate military efficiency. If the Germans succeeded in their purpose of breaking through to the Channel ports they would still not have won the war. But the task of expelling them from France would be one of vastly increased difficulty. If the Germans were able to dissect the Allied front into two parts, against either of which they could throw their whole weight, nothing but an overwhelming superiority of reserves on the part of the Allies could dislodge them. British and French and American morale is fundamentally unshakable: it would meet even so great a disaster without undue perturbation. But while the ultimate victory is not at stake, peace

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within a calculable time is certainly at stake. The operations of the next six weeks will decide whether the war may end with this campaign, or must go on into the indefinite future.

Under so tremendous an issue, the most legitimate of nationalistic military ambitions have been fused into a homogeneous internationalism. The distinctions between French and British and American armies no longer exist. It is to be assumed that all nationalistic political ambitions have also been fused into a homogeneous internationalism. The Allied nations cannot fight as a unit, to win a common victory, to share a common glory, and retain each its own particularistic claims upon the fruits of victory. Of the original Allied war claims, those which rested upon no better foundation than national ambition have, we may assume, been refined away. The process of purification of Allied war aims, which has been going on ever since the Russian revolution and America's entry into the war, has been brought to sudden completion by the last desperate thrust of the Germans. We all know what we are fighting for now. We are fighting for the national independence, the fine civilization of the Allied nations. Nothing else is of the least significance.

It may be said that while in this moment of gravest peril the nations opposed to Germany may completely sink all purposes inferior to the common cause, when the danger is over divergent interests will again emerge. What the statesmen of the Allied countries have faced in the last three weeks is something quite too terrifying to pass without leaving a profound impression upon policy. It is now clearly understood that there can be no salvation in national prowess. The internationalism that is now the only thing that stands between France and subjection, between Britain and the ruin of her empire, has vindicated its right to survival in practical politics. The moral basis of a league of nations has been laid in necessity. The military unity of today argues irresistibly for the political unity of the future.

German-Americans and the Liberty Loan

ALL open-minded Americans are ready to admit that as a general rule it is utterly mischievous to draw distinctions between our citizens on account of their national origin, near or remote. All of us who live as citizens within the boundaries of the United States are either Americans, nothing but Americans, or we are traitors. If we are Americans, we are unreservedly behind the United States in this war, with our bodies and with all we possess, ready to respond on the instant to any orders the government may lay upon us, and to take our full share in those obligations that the nation still leaves to volunteering. Our full share, we all recognize, implies sacrifice. Nobody is taking his due part in the collective obligation to meet the government's financial requirements, just now our most important volunteering duty, unless his subscriptions to the Liberty Loans exceed the amount that he can conveniently save out of income. There will be a margin of inconvenience, of substantial sacrifice, in the subscription of every honest American. This is elementary and any one who complacently adjusts his contribution so as perfectly to harmonize patriotism with personal convenience and good business is at best only a fifty-fifty patriot.

The obligation to contribute to the loan to the extent of real hardship rests upon all of us; but most especially upon the German-American. But is this not to violate the principle that there should be no distinction drawn between good Americans on account of original nationality? Let us be realists and face facts just as they are. There is in every one of us at least a trace of special sympathy with our fellows of similar national origin, which may develop into a feeling of solidarity. When a mob wreaks its will upon an inoffensive person simply because he happens to be of German blood the emotional response of other persons of German blood must necessarily differ in kind from that of persons of British or Latin or Slavic blood. Such an emotional response works to produce an alien group solidarity within the general population. Loyal Americans of non-German blood are under a special obligation to prevent outrages upon German-Americans, or, if they occur, to secure the punishment of their perpetrators. We can not afford to have this latent national solidarity aroused against us. When a German-American engages in plots against the government, loyal Americans of German origin are under a quite special obligation to thwart his designs and to aid in bringing him to justice. They can not afford to have the latent non-German national solidarities aroused against them. A realistic view of our national obligations involves on the one hand an extremely scrupulous regard on the part of citizens of non-German origin for the rights and sensibilities of those of German origin, and a correspondingly scrupulous regard on the part of citizens of German origin for their public and private obligations as Americans. If there are any Americans who can afford to be slackers in our time of national crisis, they are certainly not the German-Americans.

Just now the most dangerous menace to the

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present safety and future prosperity and happiness of the whole population of German blood is the German-American loan slacker. There is hardly a community in which the local Liberty Loan committee can not point to conspicuous instances of German-Americans whose circumstances would permit generous contributions to our national loans, but who refuse point blank to subscribe at all. There are some who, not content with their evil example, talk cautiously or incautiously against the loan, and disseminate suggestions of the possibility of picking up good investments at bargain rates when the market has been swept bare of ready money. In some localities it is a customary part of the loan solicitor's appeal to point out that the wealth of the community is mostly "German money," and therefore loyal Americans must strain themselves to the utmost to make up the quota. No doubt the number of two-fold traitors—traitors to their nation and to the blood in their veins—is grossly exaggerated. But there are enough of them to do incalculable harm to the loyal German-Americans, who can not afford to lose time in impressing upon them the gravity of their offence, or in expelling them from all social relations if they do not speedily mend their ways.

The loan slacker can for the present be dealt with only by moral pressure. It is the imperative obligation of the German-Americans to apply such pressure to those of their group who dishonor them. But in so far as such pressure is ineffective, loyal German-Americans owe it to their country to take up the obligation repudiated by those who claim kinship with them. If one German-American refuses to subscribe to the loan in the proportion of his abilities, other German-Americans can save themselves from the stigma only by over-subscribing in the same measure. The safe side for error on the part of any German-American is a subscription extended just as far as his circumstances will possibly permit. Let the German-Americans see to it that in the future Liberty Loan solicitors will urge upon the citizens special sacrifices to make up the local quota, *because there is no German money in the community*. There is nothing they can do, and nothing that anyone else can do, that will go so far toward dispelling the mischievous belief that German-Americans as a group are divided in their loyalty. There is nothing that would so promptly make real in the popular consciousness the President's generous doctrine that our quarrel is not with the German blood or the German soul, but with a military autocratic system fastened upon the German people which we shall destroy, or contain within its historic boundaries, until the people whom it has ridden to the edge of the abyss rise up to destroy it.

The President and the Farmers

THE House will probably pass, and Mr. Wilson will probably veto, the bill fixing $2.50 a bushel as the minimum price of wheat. But whatever the President does, the incident dramatizes the greatest internal threat yet directed at his administration, the first open breach between Congress and the executive since our entry into the war. That the bill was sponsored by a Democratic Senator from Oklahoma does not reduce its hostile significance. The Republicans are counting on the farmers as the basis of their future voting constituency. They are counting on the discontent of the farmers with the administration's agricultural policy to break up Mr. Wilson's liberal support in the west, and they will use that discontent as a weapon against all forms of governmental control, against necessary measures which such Republicans as Senators Lodge and Smoot call socialistic.

And if the Republican platform is also to contain, as it easily may, a repudiation of the President's international policy, thus embodying a general return to the doctrine of laissez-faire at home and abroad, modified only in the interests of large business, democrats who have no concern with the fate of the Democratic party as such should take the alarm. No good, either for war or for peace, can come of an agitation of the farmers' discontent for reactionary purposes. Liberals must find some fundamental, and therefore sympathetic, understanding of the farmers' troubles.

The current radical conception of the food problem is partly justified, but it is too crude to be of much service. The farmers are not getting enough for their produce; the consumers are paying too much; the difference is sequestrated by wicked profiteering middlemen, such as the packers and the jobbers, who could be made to disgorge by a fearless government. Such is the usual radical argument. The Food Administration has been able, it is true, to reduce speculation and limit profits here and there, but such remedies as it can adopt in the crisis can do little more than alleviate some of the worst abuses which would have arisen without control. Anyone who expects a radical reconstruction of agricultural production and distribution to be accomplished in a few months under war pressure does not know the situation. If farmers and consumers unite to condemn the Food Administration for failure to remove their long-standing ills, they are likely to play into the hands of those who want no reforms at all, and who are only too eager to stir up dissatisfaction with the sources of regulation.

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For there are profound causes of waste in the growing and purveying of the food supply which only the broadest reconstruction can remove. The land-tenure situation alone has been growing worse for years. Now over forty per cent of American farmers are tenants. Much of the best land is owned by railroads, to whom it was granted during the expansion period, and by corporations and other absentees whose relations with their tenants are unmitigated even by the paternalistic feudalism of European landed proprietors. Inseparable from the evils of tenant farming are the financial policies which have permitted unlimited speculation in land, and the private loaning of money at rates of interest which merely thrust the farmer more and more deeply into debt, when, indeed, he can get money at all. The Federal farm loan system is far from being a remedy here; it is only a timid beginning of help for the farmer who is already in a fair way toward prosperity. Next are the largely unexplored questions of production. Is the small farm possible as an efficient producing unit? How can it be made so? And if it cannot, how are large farms to be owned and operated; how can small farms be combined? And inseparable from production is the critical agricultural labor situation—the low wages and casual employment which have brought all the maladjustments of migratory labor, opened the field to the I. W. W., and created the present labor shortage, through the competition of immensely profitable industries. Last of all is the relation of the farmer to the people from whom he buys and to whom he sells. Here the chief trouble is not merely with individual profiteers but with a general confusion in organization and interest, not merely with too many agencies drawing off profits, but with poor handling which causes waste by cross-hauls and stoppages between the farms and the markets. A development, necessarily slow, of cooperative buying and selling organizations of the farmers and the public may be the only permanent remedy for such confusion.

What can the Food Administration and the Department of Agriculture do, in the present crisis, to bring about such a general rebuilding as is really necessary? Almost nothing. They can eliminate a few of the obvious leaks; they can make small beginnings at some reforms; they can apply local checks and stimulants; but in the main they are helpless. In many activities they are doomed to a constant wavering between the immediately expedient policy and a policy whose effect might begin to show five years from now. Take the packing industry as an example. The Allies, the armies and the people must have meat. The machinery of the packing industry as it is must be used. We cannot take the risk of upsetting it while the war is going on. Nevertheless real reconstruction would probably imply the fostering of an entirely new system of packing houses under decentralized operation and community control. It would necessitate a long, bitter and destructive fight against the vested interests of the packers.

The Department of Agriculture has, it is true, been blind to these enormous maladjustments and has earned the reputation of being unsympathetic with the farmer. It has, by dilatory and obstructive tactics toward proposed measures for relieving the farm labor shortage, the high prices of seed and machinery, and the lack of adequate arrangements for loans, multiplied the discontent of the farmer a hundredfold, and directed it quite unnecessarily against the present administration. Possibly the fight for $2.50 wheat would never have been made if the government had been more vigorous. At least the President could have resisted it with far better grace. It is not altogether too late now for a change of heart on the part of the administration, although no one who knows the farmers can pretend that they will ever have much love for Secretary Houston. Mr. Hoover has also suffered grievously from the farmers' unrest, although he has been quicker than Mr. Houston to recognize it.

But more is necessary than the most vigorous stimulative measures which can be undertaken now. The food problem will largely determine the American economic future; the interests of the farmers and their political allegiance will probably be a bigger element in our national life than the labor movement itself. No government can claim to have taken the first step toward the democratic state which we all hope will follow the war unless it has searched this problem to its limits. Such a search should not be hampered and embarrassed by the responsibility for what is done during the war; it should be fearless and utterly disinterested. What is required is an investigating commission on agricultural reconstruction, composed of open-minded scientists who are not afraid of radical measures, who will be capable of gathering and passing upon the mass of evidence which is available on all sides, and whose report will do for agricultural reconstruction what the Whitley report promises to do for industrial reconstruction in England. If the President should ask Congress for such a commission he would dramatize the lasting nature of this problem and the inability of temporary efforts to solve it, he would make possible an essential contribution to the future of the nation and the world, and he would thwart an attempt to divert the farmers' discontent after the war to the support of reactionary measures calculated to delay the coming of full democracy.

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Labor and Production Control

PRESIDENT WILSON'S proclamation establishing a National War Labor Board rounds out the government's machinery for the adjustment of labor disputes. Fragments of this machinery have been in detached operation under the Labor Department, the Emergency Fleet Corporation and the various divisions and bureaus of the War Department. The War Labor Board heads these fragments up, integrates them and places them under a single directing authority.

But the integration of the machinery for the adjustment of disputes will not of itself produce the most efficient utilization of our labor resources. To keep production running smoothly and to develop the full drive of our man power, there will have to be an energetic development of the entire Labor Administration planned by Secretary Wilson's Advisory Council in January not only to formulate policies and adjust disputes, but also to direct housing activities, employment exchanges, the training and dilution of labor, and the employment of women. And, equally important, there will have to be a further integration between the Labor Administration and the production departments, especially the War Industries Board.

The absence of effective coordination of labor, transportation and production control has kept our manufacturing programme advancing in a low-geared and disjointed fashion. On the side of production, the government started with three entirely detached departments, War, Navy and the Shipping Board, all bidding against each other for men and materials. Contracts were piled up in places like Bridgeport and Waterbury, which already had more work than they could properly handle; new enterprises were encouraged in inaccessible places like Watertown, N. Y., Portsmouth, N. H., and Bloomfield, N. J., where there were neither houses nor workers enough to meet even the peace time demands of industry. Workers were encouraged to flock into inaccessible or already congested eastern centres while suitable equipment and available labor in the middle west was left unrequisitioned.

Piling confusion upon the government's own disjointed procedure, eastern corporations, glutted with war contracts, advertised indiscriminately for labor in the middle west before they had exhausted the available supply in the immediate vicinity of their plants. Too often their reason for neglecting the local source of labor was their hostility to trade unions. The unions from Maine to Florida have been alert in offering to eastern employers adequate supplies of admittedly efficient men. In eight cases out of ten, these offers have been refused because the employers feared that to accept them would stimulate the growth of trade union power. Such discrimination in the face of unbridled advertising has had much to do with the demoralizing labor unrest and under-production which has steadily been charged to the slacking and profiteering of labor.

The War Labor Board is specifically charged with the removal of this discrimination and generally with the tranquilization of labor by standardizing the policy of all governmental agencies in the adjustment of industrial disputes. The employment service of the Department of Labor has been making a census of available man power classified by location and skill. But there is as yet no effective integration between the national Labor Administration and the contract-placing and production departments, just as till recently there has been no adequate centralized control over purchasing and the allocation of raw materials. Priority certificates were issued for the asking and without a checking up of the demand for materials with the supply or with the capacity of the railroads or with the supply of labor available in the localities where the contracts were to be placed. "The flow of raw materials and man power followed the line of greatest insistence." The enlarged power which the President recently conferred upon the War Industries Board has rapidly tended to remedy this evil so far as raw materials and transportation are concerned. But the establishment of the War Labor Board does nothing to further the allocation of raw materials and contracts with due regard to the availability of labor. Production and labor control are still distinct. While they remain so the essential man power problem, as it affects our war exigencies, remains fundamentally unsolved.

If we are not to repeat the blunders which resulted in the "heatless Mondays" and the acute unemployment crisis of last winter, the present gulf between the War Industries Board and the National Labor Administration must be bridged. As Secretary Wilson's Advisory Council said in its memorandum of January 22nd, "labor matters do not stand by themselves; they are phases of production, and no centralized administration of labor can be adequate, which does not go hand in hand with a centralized administration of production." The gulf would be bridged if the Secretary of Labor should appoint a Deputy Labor Administrator to head the executive staff of the new Labor Administration, and if the Chairman of the War Industries Board should designate this same man to guide the allocation of raw materials and contracts in the direction of all available labor.

Such an officer would not only be in a position

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to coordinate the work of the production departments with the employment service of the Labor Administration but he could also exert an immensely important influence in preventing the development of conditions that give rise to industrial disputes. While the War Industries Board will not directly place contracts for finished goods, its interest in maximum output and its complete control over the allocation of raw materials gives it large supervisory power over the terms of all war contracts. The time is at hand when many contracts are expiring. Already plants with large working forces are finding themselves without orders because of delay in the renewal of contracts, because they have been underbid, or because a new policy of distributing work over wider areas has been adopted. Unquestionably these are all plausible reasons for not renewing orders; but from the point of view of human organization, shut-downs, even if of a few days' duration only, bear evil fruit in inefficiency, ill-will and the demoralized scattering of trained men. Executives concerned with production have not hitherto been closely enough associated with the Labor Administration to appreciate their essential interdependence.

Similarly, production executives have not been alive to the obstacles which unstandardized and inferior working conditions have placed in the way of continuous maximum output. It was natural perhaps that in the first rush to place contracts no pains should have been taken to have them stipulate minimum labor standards. But we now know that in all munition industries the labor turnover has been extravagant, and that the instability of labor has been largely due to divergent wage scales, the inequitable interpretation of the federal eight hour law, inadequate housing facilities and inefficient plant equipment. Except in the shipyards, where the contracts have from the first made official supervision of working conditions possible, there has been no way to compel contractors to make changes in the interest of health and safety or in anticipation of the workers' reasonable demands for better wages, shorter hours or more efficient tools. If the War Industries Board had a labor division integrated with the National Labor Administration through a Deputy Labor Administrator, it would be in a position to forestall an immense amount of friction, not only by allocating materials with due regard to the availability of labor but also by standardizing hours, wages, health, safety and other working conditions through its power of supervision over all government contracts.

By whatever means the integration of the centralized administration of labor with the centralized administration of production is finally worked out, it is imperative that the War Industries Board and the National Labor Administration should immediately recognize their vital interdependence. However perfect the machinery for the adjustment of labor disputes after they arise, it alone will not be adequate to meet the industrial emergency which faces the country. Upon this point also the judgment of Secretary Wilson's Advisory Council seems to us incontrovertible: failure to establish a working integration of production and labor control spells failure to develop a sound labor situation and failure to prosecute the war vigorously.

Of Feminine Achievement

THE Sum of Feminine Achievement is the title of a book recently published. It means to be kind, but its championship is of the embarrassingly inclusive variety that lists as honor exhibits both Emily Brontë and Mary Jane Holmes, both Alice Freeman Palmer and Lucrezia Borgia. Yet even if the author had been acutely selective, compendiums of this sort are not worth much to the feminist in search of encouragement. She is not looking for dozens of starry names picked from the wide field of all history. She wants to know, naïvely perhaps, what the average woman of today can do when she is given the same chances for development as the average man. Of course she is not likely to find out, since those desirable data have still to be lived, but there is at least approximate information in the occupational and marital census of 16,700 American college women, published in the May number of the Journal of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae.

These 16,700 aren't by any means quoted here as a supreme example of what women can do if education gives them the chance of men. They may not like to hear it, but education hasn't given them that chance, for nearly all come from women's colleges, and most women's colleges still lift their skirts from the contamination of any but strictly academic curricula. Still, even recognizing that the graduates are handicapped by a certain amount of world-apartness, they are one of the least traditional groups of women in the country. They come very near to having their choice of life unhindered by the "Kinder, Kirche und Küche" rule laid down by Emperor William for the guidance of femininity. What do they choose?

The census, of course, reveals nothing startling. We knew that they chose to work more and marry less—indeed, because of that, Mr. John Martin has often predicted the destruction of the human race, but until now there have been no nice clear incontrovertible facts to marshal. Friends and foes

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alike have theorized without definite information. Now, because of the excellent work of Miss Mary Van Kleeck, who compiled the census, they can draw all manner of conclusions from the facts that out of 16,700 college women only 30 per cent have never been gainfully employed, that 67 per cent of those employed have been teachers, while 33 per cent have followed other vocations, that 39 per cent of the entire number have married and that of those married 70 per cent have had children.

On the basis of these figures, more or less guessed at before, many windy structures have been built, and the architects have juggled lonely percentages quite without regard for modifying factors. Scornful fingers have been pointed at the sheeplike rush of college women into teaching, and it is true that they have made it an indiscriminate hold-all of a profession, a hamper for every uninventive mind, but this is less their fault than that of the college which mixes them a compulsory dish of Latin, Elizabethan literature and higher mathematics and then tells them they are nourished for life.

Only in the latter part of the last decade have bureaus of vocational opportunities for college women sprung up, mothered by alumnae who realized the need for them, and the census shows that within this last decade the percentage of graduates who go into teaching has lessened. When one considers the youth of the movement for vocational training and the conventions that still stiffen most curricula, it is an encouraging surprise to read the "illustrative list of occupations other than teaching" contained in the census. We notice lumber dealers, Shetland pony breeders, caterers, curators, bacteriologists, pageant managers, cable code experts along with almost every ordinary profession. In spite of the odds against them, not least of which is their own traditional inertia, these women have followed their bents as individual human beings. And it must be remembered that they did this on their own initiative, before the exterior influence of the war had really begun to affect women's choice of occupations. Here, incidentally, lies the historic value of the census. "Five years from now," says Miss Van Kleeck, "a similar study of the same group may be made that will depend for its value upon comparison with this census of 1915 . . . which is presented as a prelude to the story of the effects of the world-wide revolution upon the work of women."

The second half of the report goes into very detailed statistics about how many college women marry, and when, and whom, and whether they divorce their husbands, and how many children down to the decimal point they have. Most college women are a little weary of the world's insistence on prying into these private affairs, yet it is well that there should be some authentic figures, since the Martins and the Roosevelts do so enjoy playing with them, and they might as well have real instead of imitation data.

Only 39 per cent of college women marry. It does appear as if education were a flaw in woman's perfection for the marriage market. This percentage, however, though correct is also misleading, for, as the census shows, the first classes in women's colleges were very small, and the older alumnae are far outnumbered by the younger whose matrimonial opportunities are still before them. In fact, if the last five classes are disregarded, we find that about half the alumnae have married.

The same fact must be remembered in relation to the low birthrate (though two and one-tenth children per family seems fairly perpetuative), the figures include many young people whose families are not yet complete. Another important consideration is the low death-rate of college women's children. Only 4.5 per cent have died within the first year, and as compared with this, the rate in Manchester, N. H., was found to be 16.5; in Johnstown, Pa., 13.4, and in Montclair, N. J., a residential suburb, 8.5. The moral need not be added.

Still there is no reason for denying that these graduates lean more on work and less on marriage than pleases the ancestor-worshippers. But in this they're not unique. The same change is taking place among all women. The college women's record has value not because they have acquired the two first letters of the alphabet, but because "they reflect, with the sensitiveness of purposeful women, the signs and tendencies of recent years."

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Instead of Public Ownership

GOVERNMENT control of railways under the present plan is to end within twenty-one months after the close of the war. Nevertheless we see no reason whatever for believing that the old system will ever be restored. So far as we know, there are no partisans of the railway status quo ante. There are persons who urge the release of the railways from every legal restriction not applied to all other private businesses, and there are persons who urge the confiscation of the railways. Between these poles the variety of opinion is great, but not great enough to make room for an advocacy of a system the deficiencies of which have been established once for all by facts no one can have overlooked.

We do not want the old system restored. This does not mean that we believe that private management as it existed before the war was corrupt or incompetent, or that public regulation was unintelligent or obstructive. There were flagrant cases of railway mismanagement, but these were probably as rare as the cases of mismanagement in other businesses. There were instances of excessive inflexibility on the part of the regulating authority, but we are not likely ever to have an administrative body more responsive to the public need than the Interstate Commerce Commission. Indeed, the very facts that the railways were on the whole so efficiently and honestly managed and that the Interstate Commerce Commission was so competent and clear sighted are presumptive evidence against a system that nevertheless grew progressively more inadequate until it broke down altogether under the stress of war. The fault lay with the system, not with the private companies nor with the public authorities. It rested upon a false conception of the nature of the transportation industry and its relation to the state.

Railway men never tire of expatiating upon the part the railway plays in sustaining the prosperity of our entire industrial structure. They do not exaggerate the importance of the railway in the national economy. If anything, they understate it, through modesty or sheer lack of imagination. Much of our most populous and prosperous territory would be nothing but sparsely settled grazing land if railway construction had not supplied the vital element of accessibility. Many of our greatest cities draw their very life from the railways. After our public school system the railway has been by far our most important instrument of national development. It will be a still more important instrument in the development of the coming decades, from which we expect such an increase in power of production that we shall have the means to proceed seriously toward the extirpation of poverty, the provision of the essentials of a democratic standard of life for the masses. This is the work we expect of the railways. Would it not then be anomalous to attempt to restore a system of railway operation and control that creates only an incidental relation between the developmental function of the railways and the motives leading to their construction and improvement?

The construction of a railway builds up the territory through which it passes, and the building up of the territory yields freight and passenger revenues. But the traffic resulting from the building up of a community is the roughest and most inadequate measure of the values created by the railway. The community may gain in values many times the cost of a railway, and yet the traffic may remain insufficient to keep the railway company out of the receiver's hands. There are many districts lacking railway facilities in which the advance in all values, the increase in opportunities for making a living, would far outweigh the cost of railway construction. But private railway companies cannot take into account the general improvement and increase in wealth but must wait upon sufficient prospects of traffic. Can anyone doubt that the national, civic and private business gains from a unified freight terminal system in New York City would long ago have exceeded the cost of instituting such a system? But the private railway companies were in no position to capitalize national and civic gains. All that they could take into account was the apparently inadequate promise of increased revenues from transportation.

But, it may be said, if we had granted the railways more generous transportation rates they could have afforded to undertake improvements that from a private business point of view were uneconomic. No doubt they could have afforded to make such improvements; but private business does not normally sink money in ventures that are unproductive of profits merely because it can afford to do so. We are aware that railways have sometimes sunk great sums in this way, impelled by their conception of their public duties. But the relation between generous revenues and the performance of public duties is too tenuous to depend upon. The directors of a railway corporation may occasionally choose to apply the surplus earnings to the erection of monuments to their public spirit. Their first duty, however, is to their shareholders,

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and before they can properly divert money from dividends, they are forced to make out a fair case for the view that the funds thus diverted will ultimately yield an adequate increase in profits. As the control of railways becomes more and more concentrated in the hands of the financiers, considerations of private finance are bound to become more nearly exclusive determinants of policy. This is natural and proper. If the public wishes capital to be invested for other than private financial reasons, it is incumbent upon the public to devise appropriate institutions for attaining this end.

Public ownership would answer the purpose. If the nation owned the railways, it would no more need to demand from each particular project of construction or improvement traffic revenues sufficent to cover interest on the investment than it needs to be assured of adequate tolls before it can afford to build a highway. It might be desirable to make the transportation system as a whole pay all costs, including interest on the total investment; it might even be desirable to collect an additional net revenue from transportation. But the essential fact would remain that considerations of general national development could be given their proper weight.

Public ownership is not, however, the only conceivable system under which it would be possible to make the railways a fully efficient instrument of national development. What is of primary importance is that the public need for railways should be determined by public authority. Private capital might be called upon to supply the need, under a guaranty of earnings, or under some form of partnership arrangement by which the government would supply so much of the capital as could not be assured a pecuniary return. Such an arrangement has recently been outlined by Mr. Theodore P. Shonts, who is qualified to speak by his experience with the analogous dual subway system of New York. In essence his plan is very simple. After the war, let a certain sum—say, the present guaranteed net income—be made a preferential charge upon the railway system to satisfy the claims of the present holders of railway property. Let extensions and improvements be financed by the companies and the government in partnership, the railways furnishing for each project so much capital as can be guaranteed an adequate income, the government furnishing the rest. When the total net income exceeds the preferential claims of the private holders of railway property, let a fair interest be paid on the government investment, and if a surplus still appears, let it be divided between the companies and the government in the ratio of their investments. As for control, Mr. Shonts proposes the vesting of supreme authority in a central board consisting of representatives of the public, of the railway investors and of railway labor.

Under such a plan it would be quite feasible to work out a unified and adequate national transportation system. Suppose that we made up our minds that the national defense required the construction of railways paralleling certain of our borders. Such railways would serve commercial purposes in time of peace, but there might be no prospect that they could be made wholly self supporting. They might be quite certain to yield a return on $50,000,000 while costing $200,000,000. Then the private companies would put in $50,000,000, returns on which should be a preferential charge. The government would raise the other $150,000,000 on which it might possibly receive a pecuniary return, but if it received none, at least it would enjoy the benefits of a frontier better secured against invasion. Or suppose that we wished to unify our terminal systems throughout the country. If this seemed likely to pay in immediate pecuniary returns, the companies would raise most of the capital; if this were doubtful, the government would raise most of it. If the improvement never paid in direct traffic profits, the government would still gain for the people the immense benefits of a system insuring the prompt and efficient handling of goods.

The government would under Mr. Shonts's plan determine what transportation facilities should be furnished; it would likewise have the final determination of the charges to be made for the use of such facilities. In so far the plan meets the same requirements as would public ownership. Mr. Shonts's plan lays upon the railways a preferential charge equal to the present guaranteed net income. Public ownership would be burdened with an interest charge on the bonds that would have to be sold to acquire the railways. The difference between the two charges would probably not be great. Under public ownership the two interests represented in the control would be the general public and railway labor. Under Mr. Shonts's plan there would be a third interest, the railway investors, but in the course of the development of our national transportation system, the government investment would probably increase more rapidly than the private investment, and government control would become more nearly absolute. Under public ownership many of the practices of the private companies in selecting and promoting employees would doubtless be retained; under the partnership plan the practices of the several companies would doubtless tend toward unification.

The parallel might be more closely drawn, but it is not necessary here to go into further details. It must already be sufficiently clear that when we

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agree upon the fundamental requirement, a unified system of railways, adapted to the work of national development, there cannot remain a wide difference of opinion between the advocates of government ownership and supporters of private enterprise. We believe in government ownership not because we conceive that there is any magic in public enterprise as such, but because we foresee an epoch in which our government will have to address itself very seriously to the task of making the most out of our resources, human and material, and must make full use of the instrumentality of a properly developed railway system. Mr. Shonts, who does not by any means stand alone in his opinion on the matter, recognizes the national interest in a transportation system developed beyond the limits set by immediate pecuniary considerations. His plan means complete nationalization in function if only partial nationalization in ownership.

There was a time when the controversy over railway ownership was bound to be acrimonious. On the one side there was a belief that private railway operation led necessarily to extortion and chicane; on the other side there was a belief that somehow it was written in the moral code that railways must be private concerns, as free to determine their own policies as the wholesale trader or the cotton manufacturer. The present generation is ready for a discussion of the railway problem on a new plane. An adequate transportation system is essential to the national health and prosperity. We cannot get such a system through purely private enterprise, whether subject to government regulation or not. We can get it through public ownership or through some plan of partnership between the government and the private companies. Which shall it be? We shall have to make up our minds soon, or slip back into chaos when our twenty-one months of grace have expired.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

Prussia and Our Schools

THE elementary schools of the United States borrowed their plan of organization and the general definition of their course of study from Prussia. During the years from 1830 to 1850 such American leaders as Charles Brooks and Horace Mann of Massachusetts, Calvin E. Stowe of Ohio, and John D. Pierce of Michigan reorganized the common schools of their states, or the district schools, as they were called, on the pattern of the Volksschule of Prussia. The position of these reformers as revealed by their explicit statements is clear. They found the district system chaotic and unorganized. They found the Prussian school a model of organization. What better could they do than imitate?

For more than half a century we have harbored this borrowed institution and have tried to use it for the purposes of a democracy. We have failed conspicuously. The eight-year school which teaches only rudimentary subjects and only the vernacular is not at home in the United States and never will be.

During the past ten years there has been spreading over the country a reform which will substitute a six-year elementary school for the eight-year school. This reform is in reality an effort to banish the Prussian Volksschule from America. But it is today only half aware of its mission. The reform is hesitating and in some quarters is a reform in name only. It needs encouragement from people who are thinking in a broad way about democracy and its institutions.

The unfortunate borrowing of 1840 happened in this wise. The various states of the new nation had been left by their constitution of 1787 to work out each its own educational policy. The states could not have agreed on a national education programme. Education in Massachusetts was descended from the religious reading school administered by the town meeting, while education in Virginia was a matter of private teaching of children on the great plantations. Because of this fundamental divergence education was left out of the national constitution.

During the first half century of statehood the schools had scant attention from the central state authorities. The districts did what they could or would, but there were no established standards for teachers, no course of study, no supervision except that supplied by the local committee. Equipment was meager, the length of the school year very short, and the range of subjects covered scarcely more than the three R's.

There was, however, widespread ambition among the frontiersmen for the education of their children. They wanted the district school and more. Here and there in towns and villages appeared that unique creation of democratic enthusiasm for the spread of learning—the American academy. This institution taught everything, including French and art, history and literature. The important fact too was that the academy taught all these subjects to the sons and daughters of the humblest homes. Popular education was under way on a scale never

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attempted in Europe. The district school did what it could and the academy took up the task wherever the district laid it down. There were no hard and fast lines, none of that sharp, clearcut definition of parts which the system-maker has to have.

Into this miscellaneous effort of the frontier came system. The common school was graded and its work supervised. Prussia had organized her schools so well that all the world was studying the Prussian system. English inspectors were studying it; Canada was studying it. Our leaders also studied Prussia.

The trouble is they did not study profoundly enough. They saw only part of the situation. Prussia had then, as she has now, a plan of education which divides sharply between the common people and the aristocracy. The common boy or girl of Germany goes to a school known as the Volksschule. This school receives pupils at six years of age and keeps them for eight years. At fourteen pupils are confirmed into the church and their schooling is over. They may go now to a trade school for a little time, but they cannot go to the university or to the secondary school. The Volksschule is an absolutely separate institution without contact with the higher schools.

The teachers of the Volksschule are trained in an institution called a Lehrerseminar. This has no contact with the university. Its graduates may not take courses in the university in any of the German states except the one liberal state of Saxony. The boys and girls who go to the Volksschule know from the day they enter school that they can never attain social position. The boys are conscripted into the army for two or three years of service and they must go for their training to some part of the empire remote from their homes in order to avoid the distractions which would come if they were near home. The boy from the Volksschule cannot become an officer in the army. He cannot enter the civil positions requiring training. There is nothing ahead of a boy or a girl from the Volksschule except to be a member of the common people. Just before the war ninety-two per cent of the children of the German empire were in training in the Volksschule for their part in national life.

The course of study of the Volksschule is what might be expected in such a school. There is no foreign language. Why should the common people know any other language than their own? There are no advanced subjects; for example, there are no higher mathematics, only rudimentary arithmetic. There is plenty of history and a regular training in religion. The common people need a great deal of a certain kind of religion in the lives they are to live. In point of method of instruction it is important to note that they are taught by the oral method almost exclusively. No textbooks bring to them training in the independent collection of information.

Never was more perfect institutional machinery set up for systematic control and limitation of the range of ideas of a nation.

It was this school that impressed Brooks and Mann and Stowe and the rest with the perfection of its organization. What they overlooked was the school for the aristocracy. This oversight may have been due to their intense interest in the common people at home. They did not realize that the common people at home were ultimately going to demand for all children what in Europe has traditionally belonged only to the sons of the aristocracy.

The school of the aristocracy in Prussia may be typified by the Gymnasium, which is the oldest and still dominant branch of the higher school system. The Gymnasium receives boys at six years of age. In recent years a few of these higher schools have grown up for girls, but in the main the Gymnasium is a boys' school. It should be noted especially that the Gymnasium does not begin, as does the American high school, after the elementary school. The Gymnasium takes little boys. The boys in this school know from the day they enter that they are going to a school with a long, continuous course. In some of the small states the separation between Volksschule and Gymnasium is not absolute for the first three or primary years. In Prussia and for the most part throughout the empire the separation is absolute from the first year.

The Gymnasium has a three-year primary course and then a nine-year course. The Gymnasium leads into the universities and the higher technical schools. Not only so, but it leads into every professional opportunity that there is. Only products of the secondary schools may be army officers, or secure civil service positions which require intellectual equipment. The boy who completes the ninth year of the Gymnasium serves in the army only one year and serves in the locality of his own electing.

The teachers of the Gymnasium are trained first in these schools themselves, then in the universities. After certain examinations they are allowed to go through an arduous apprenticeship. At no point in their careers do they encounter the teachers of the Volksschule or deal with the problems of the lower school.

The course of study of the Gymnasium is of the type suited to the needs of aristocracy. The boy has plenty of foreign language. He begins Latin after the fourth year. English and French come after the sixth. He studies advanced subjects early. Algebra and geometry come after the sixth

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year. This is not a rudimentary, vernacular course in any sense of the word. It is an advanced school for the aristocrats. The history which it teaches is German history, but the state is here shown to be in need of leaders.

The Gymnasium existed in Prussia in 1840. Indeed, the school for the aristocracy dates back to the early period when only the sons of the aristocracy were given an education. The common school came much later. It arose out of the effort to teach the common people religion and a few of the humbler phases of intellectual life. Today Germany preserves the ancient distinction of medievalism. There are two distinct schools. The common child gets a meagre training. The son of aristocracy is given all that science and letters can lavish on him.

It is one of the curious ironies of history that American educational leaders in the middle of the last century were so intent upon getting something for the common people that they borrowed one of the most potent devices of aristocracy for the suppression of the common people. The limiting influence of the Volksschule has hampered the normal development of our education. Our elementary school has been bound by the tradition that its instruction is strictly rudimentary.

Arithmetic, for example, is all that is offered in most American elementary schools today. To be sure, there are many of our boys and girls who are going on to higher mathematics. If the Gymnasium instead of the Volksschule had been borrowed in 1840, these children who are going on would begin higher mathematics after the sixth year. But the rudimentary school was the one borrowed.

Or take the foreign languages. Young children learn these readily. All over Europe the boys and girls who are going to study Latin or French begin it early. But not in America, because the Volksschule is the place where American boys and girls spend eight long years and there is no foreign language instruction in the Volksschule.

Our elementary school has committed a great sin against democracy in restricting the opportunity of generations of American children. Fortunately the district school and the academy had so firmly established the principle that a common boy and girl can go on with higher training that the Volksschule did not succeed in forcing on this country a dual school system. Our education is continuous from the elementary school into the high school. But the organization of the elementary school on the plan of the Volksschule has caused a breach between our upper and lower schools. Children waste time in the upper grades and have serious difficulty in the first year of the high school. We have continuity in form, but not in substance.

Even the elementary school has come to recognize the necessity of a reform of its own curriculum. Take arithmetic once more as our example. It may have been proper in 1840 when school years were very short to spend eight years on arithmetic. In recent times since the length of the year has been extended to seven and nine months it is hard for the teachers to find enough arithmetic to keep the subject going. They have shown much ingenuity in devising curious puzzles for the pupils, but they have come to see that a little constructive geometry and some introductory work in the use of the algebraic equation would be enormously more useful and stimulating.

For the sake of the pupils who are not going on and also for the sake of the pupils who are going on, we must get rid of an eight-year, rudimentary, vernacular school. In its place we must set up a truly continuous system. Within this system there will be differentiated opportunities opening larger experience to all and restricting none. In this way we shall get what the district school and the academy started to give us before we were allured from the path of democracy by the enticements of Prussian organization.

CHARLES H. JUDD.

He Smiles at His Past

TWENTY years ago it was not everyone in New York who read Nietzsche and Ibsen and B. Shaw—but Stuart Eaton could not possibly have been classed with " everyone " then. He was just five and twenty, silent and brooding, dark and thin and handsome. He had an eye like a mountain tarn, a lean cheek, heavy lustrous hair. Stuart looked interesting and was interesting twenty years ago.

He still looks interesting, and the smile that curved his fine lips at that period is now deeply and permanently engraved. It is still bitter and aloof, but where it was a rebel's smile twenty years ago now it is a smile at rebellion—a smile that can never decently come off. The truth about his change would be worth telling but the only person who could really tell it—his wife—is not likely to do so, and an outsider is pretty sure to bungle it. Yet those who knew the old Stuart cannot help trying to get the new Stuart's number. What would friendship be without the license to gossip?

Stuart's father has always been a mere daguerreotype—an organist dead a score of years. His mother, however, is only recently departed. She was a slight stooping figure in jet, with a pointed white face and a stiletto gaze. She met Stuart's friends politely and incommunicatively on those

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Church—a single village or group of villages, or a "quarter" in a town. It will elect its headman and perhaps a small council. This in its turn sends up a representative to the Council of each Confession for the County (Caza) or Province (Vilayet). In the same way, either by direct or indirect election, all the Greeks, all the Armenians, all the Turks each separately would elect their own national council for the distinct affairs of the whole nationality in Turkey as a whole. The ideal would be to devolve upon these confessional representative bodies the largest possible responsibility. They begin with education and Church affairs. They go on to all forms of social assistance, including hospitals and the care of the poor. Most important of all, they ought to have in their hands, subject to careful auditing and inspection, the entire assessment and collection of all direct taxes, including all forms, new or old, of tithe, land tax, cattle tax and poll or professional taxes. That principle was sometimes partly recognized in the villages in the old days. Lastly each confession ought to choose and pay its own village watchmen, the ancient but obsolete plan in some parts of Turkey. In this way a very big section of public life is withdrawn from the arena of religious strife and oppression. The community lives its own intellectual life freely, and, what is even more important on this level, it has guaranties against fiscal oppression, corruption and violence. Taxes in Turkey are not excessive on paper: it is the arbitrary assessment and the brutal collection which make the grievance.

With this confessional organization, which must, of course, extend to Moslems as well as to Christians, as a basis, it is easy to use it for the common affairs of the whole population. There must be a Council for each County (Caza), which should be the chief local governing body, another for the Province (Vilayet) and finally an Ottoman Parliament. To each of these, each local confession would send representatives proportionate to its numbers. The common affairs of the local bodies would be chiefly roads, police and public works. The working of this plan need not be complicated. Take a mixed province like Adrianople, which includes Greeks, Turks, Bulgarians, Jews, and a few Armenians. On Monday, let us say, the Confessional Councils of each meet, with Bishop or Rabbi in the Chair, to consider the administration of their schools and hospitals. On Tuesday delegations from each of these Councils form the General Council of the Province, with the Governor (Vali) in the Chair, to decide whether a new bridge is needed, or whether agriculture requires assistance.

The assessment and collection of all direct taxes falls to the village confessional community, and the proceeds would then be allotted according to law—a fair percentage to the village confessional council, a small percentage to the provincial confessional council, a large percentage to the provincial general council, and finally a small percentage (if any) to the national exchequer, which ought to subsist mainly, if not entirely, on indirect taxes. To make the scheme workable, we need add only one further detail, that the general provincial council, whether of the county or province (caza or vilayet) must have the right to dismiss the Governor (kaimakam or vali).

This is a slight sketch of a possible scheme, which combines cultural autonomy with administrative decentralization. It vastly diminishes the importance of the Constantinople government. It gives to each race and creed its own secure and liberal existence. It brings the warring creeds together only to decide on matters which arouse no racial or religious strife—roads, harbors, water supply, irrigation and the like. It might work with a minimum of foreign interference. Turn over the whole work of accounting and budget-making to the Ottoman Bank. Appoint foreign officers to train and command a gendarmerie for ten or twenty years. Create a supreme supervising Council of Assistance nominated by the whole League of Nations. Foreign control is indispensable, but once started the scheme would run by its own local momentum. It starts from the fact that the social reality in Turkey, which has vitality and public spirit, is the local confessional community. It avoids all appearance of territorial partition. It promises equal benefits to Moslem and Christian alike.

We have our choice—to offer Turkey restoration and assistance in return for the adoption of a general scheme of reconstruction, or to tear her asunder for strategical ends. The former happens to be not merely the more moral, but also by far the easier course.

H. N. Brailsford.

London.

A COMMUNICATION

Irish Conscription

SIR: There is no doubt in my mind that a great blunder has been made in regard to conscripting the Irish. Of course no one believes an Irishman when he says that he feels that England has no more right to conscript him by brute force than England has a right to conscript Switzerland. Believe it or not, about 3,000,000 Irish feel this way and in their hearts completely and irresistibly resent their conquerors' conscripting them. This is not a qualified truth. It is *the* truth. No Irish Nationalist feels that the Union is honest, or that representation under the Union is binding representation. For over thirty years three-quarters of the Irish people have carried on the old repeal agitation, regarding the Union as government without the consent of the governed. They have unanimously pleaded for self-determination, these millions of Irish. Now Lloyd George says: "This war is your war. You may not think so, but it is. And whether you think so or not, we'll force you to fight for us. We'll force you, although the worst you have to fear from Prussianism is precisely this kind of disregard of your liberty and private will, this use of force." Americans may feel that the end justifies the means, but many of them, adopting Machiavellian language, are tempted to say, "Yes, it is a blunder." An Irishman says, "You call it a blunder? Do you call the invasion of Belgium a blunder? You called that a crime. This is a crime and thousands of Irishmen are prepared to show it is a crime."

President Wilson said the military men are in power in Germany. I think the military men are equally in power in England. Lloyd George has asked them, "Do you need the Irish?" And he has obeyed their answer, "Yes, you must conscript these Irish, they will make 100,000 fighting men. We can use them, and we need them badly." But these military men, supported by Milner and

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Curzon, do not realize, and never have realized, that morale is primarily important. Important to the Frenchman who makes a principle of the self-determination of Alsace-Lorraine, if not to the Russian and to the Balkans. How Germany must smile. If the Irish resist conscription, it is worth many divisions to Germany. It reduces the moral pretensions of the Allies to the same level as Germany's, in the eyes of liberal Germans; and liberal Germans have been half persuaded to believe the moral claims of the Allies.

Let us call this thing by its proper name. Why did the English leave Ireland out of conscription up to the present? Because it was "inexpedient" to conscript the Irish. Why was it inexpedient? Because the public opinion of Ireland so strongly opposed it. And why was the opinion of Ireland opposed to it? Because Ireland has no stake in the war similar to England's stake in the war. Ireland quite clearly has not the liberty to lose which England has to lose. England has failed to give Ireland the self-government which would constitute a stake in the war. The "inexpediency," in other words, turns on a question of justice and fair play. Now, the keynote of President Wilson's great policy is justice and fair play. The English say, "Yes, but the Germans are almost at Calais. Good God, man, why quibble about politics now?" All right. But Germany is not secure either. Germany has to fear defeat and the crushing of the German Empire. Why quibble about Belgium and the Lusitania? Why not forgive Germany's disregard for principles and consider this whole thing an imperial dog-fight?

It is because of this preciousness of principle that the Allies must want self-determination to precede conscription in Ireland. It is not a question of Ireland's petty nationalism. It is a question of the sacredness of human rights. The right not to be conscripted by a government that is a conqueror's government is a sacred right. The real issue is contained in that simple statement. You cannot disguise it.

The Irish are not cowards or pacifists. Neither are they slaves or cattle. They should not be driven to fight. If conscription is passed for them, it will be a decree to drive them. Ask an American like Mr. Justice Brandeis. He knows that the English have shilly-shallied about home rule, which is the symbol of justice and fair play in the Irish mind. Having held that measure back with their right hand, they cannot hope to beckon the Irish with their left, much less to drag them, to fight for the "liberty" of small nations. The irony of it shrieks too loudly.

The damage to the moral standing of the Allies is too serious not to be confronted. The Irish in this country, non-naturalized, must also be conscripted here, and if to die fighting for freedom is a noble death, then there will be Irish who prefer to die resisting English Prussianism rather than the Continental kind. I sympathize, and for myself I cannot conceive of yielding to any force that tries to recruit me for England. I am perfectly willing to enter this just war, but not in obedience to laws disposing of the liberty of Irishmen, passed for Ireland by the conquerors of Ireland. The conquerors of Ireland have never cleanly and clearly relinquished the fruits of conquest. They must clearly and cleanly relinquish the fruits of conquest before their hands can touch Irishmen. That is the moral significance of this thing we politely call a blunder.

America must weigh this "blunder." We are gravely concerned, and the situation can be saved if it is seen that the dissolution of the present Union must precede conscription. There is a clear way out, even now, but it depends on a moral sincerity which only the bravest liberals possess. Nothing can sophisticate the issue for the thousands of simple plain-thinking Irish Nationalists who will be affected by it. To them, the England that holds back home rule—real home rule, not the convention's silly and indecent measure—is so necessary to an Irishman's manhood that you must go well out of the region of politics to grasp his attitude, especially if you are asking him to die for principles of justice and sacred human rights.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Food Conservation is Practised in Cantonments

SIR: The communication from J. A. M. in the March 2nd number of your journal, under the caption "No Conservation in Cantonments," while submitted in a most commendable spirit, gives an impression which is grossly unfair to the War Department, and which should be corrected because of the effect on the morale of the food-savers of the nation.

Through the Food and Nutrition Division of the Surgeon General's Office, the War Department is maintaining a supervision of the whole subject of the use of food in the army, having as its object the safeguarding of the nutrition of the soldier and the economical use of food products. This supervision covers the storage of foods, the planning of the daily dietaries, the preparation, cooking and serving of the food, the control of table and kitchen waste, and above all, the satisfaction of the real nutritive requirements of the soldiers.

This supervision of the use of food in the Army is maintained at present by a corps of sixty-four commissioned officers, assisted by between forty and fifty enlisted men. This force has been recruited largely from universities, medical colleges, hospital staffs, and agricultural experiment stations, and consists of men selected on account of special fitness for this service.

The present method of operation is through survey parties, nine in number, which travel from cantonment to cantonment, making extended studies of conditions, disseminating information, and issuing recommendation to those in charge of the food and nutritional affairs of the encampment. These parties work in cooperation with the local camp authorities.

These food surveys consist of quantitative chemical accountings for foods consumed and of edible and inedible waste; also criticism of the daily menus, inspection of store houses, kitchens and mess halls, and a record of the troop activities, clothing worn, and weather data covering the time occupied by the survey.

The findings of these survey parties are rendered locally effective by reports to the Division Surgeon, by lectures, and by instruction offered to mess officers and cooks, both formally, in schools arranged for their instruction, and informally by information given on the spot by the inspecting officer during the actual inspection.

Now with all this fine machinery, why such conditions as described by J. A. M.? It is a fact, which no one will deny, that in some newly established camps, with cooks and mess sergeants new to their jobs, and with supervision

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few occasions that they invaded the lofty impoverished reception room of the late organist's home. She extended mittened finger-tips, frosty civility, and one felt that some unwelcome visitor—insanity or disease—had already knocked at that house and pushed his foot inside the door. There was no doubt, however, about Stuart's sedulous devotion. His mother had a prior claim on him, no matter what happened, and there was something extraordinarily gentle and deferential about his attitude to that reticent, stiff old lady.

Stuart was obliged to leave college before graduation in order to earn his bread. He was considered lucky to get a job with an eminent publishing house. It was one of those jobs in which it is the custom of the publishing business to employ a hound of heaven to do the work of a weasel or a ferret. Stuart, in other words, was employed to pass literary judgment on manuscripts which had in reality to be judged as merchandise. It was not a job to be taken seriously but he took it intensely seriously, took it home with him and to bed with him, stayed by it on Sundays and sat up with it fretful nights. For fifteen dollars a week, raised annually by dollar notches to nineteen, he delivered scrupulous literary verdict on eight full-blown manuscripts a day, reading about two of them from end to end, every day of the year excluding a few heroes' holidays. He did this in the muggy atmosphere of his employer's disapproval. The fog didn't take menacing shape, but the sun of encouragement never came through. In four years Stuart, suffering from a poor diet and mental indigestion and a lack of violent exercise and too much mother, felt he was a rebel. Nursing that mood, he praised a radical manuscript in such terms that they were directly transferred to salve the author, when the manuscript was rejected. This author, adventurous temporary editor of a bright evening newspaper, inquired as to Stuart's identity and offered him an editorial writer's job.

It was a new and wonderful world for this mordant youth—at twenty-five per. He still had to hold down a desk all day but he was no longer chained in a kennel, distempered and alone. He never did learn to raise his voice in the pack of his comrades but he found comrades and he discovered that he was not reading Turgeniev and Nietzsche and Ibsen and Strindberg completely by himself. Whitman he chose among Americans, and Emerson for boyhood, and he raved Swinburne and proudly fancied the roses among the poetic thorns of George Meredith. Poetry, in fact, was a garden he cultivated. He took his poetry to the Palisades, stretched on the ground to read it, disputing it with the peregrinating insects that are so fond of the printed page.

In his inspection of American deities, Stuart continually detected clay. To begin with, he listened with scornful superiority to all bankers and barbers who confused socialists and anarchists. He was not a socialist but he had his idea of Karl Marx and could discriminate Ferdinand Lassalle from pioneer La Salle. He sympathized with Toynbee Hall, the nihilists and the Negroes. He favored home rule for Ireland and federation round the world. He affected to be a baseball fan but he was really much more excited by Arnold Daly in Candida. He admired John Morley, thought the Catholic church ultimately sinister, held that the American constitution was clay up to the breast-bone and felt that party politics stood on stilts in mud. Natural rights were the unrecognized basis of much of his thinking, with a mugwumpish disinclination to tie up with party or creed or class or club. He would as soon have answered the question, Are You a Republican, as, Are You a Mason, or, Are You a Buffalo? He was Fabian in temperament, but sardonic about the lock-step majority. He was socially a freelance. He was one of the first unathletic men to wear athletic drawers and adopt the soft-boiled collar.

Pallid, deep-eyed, gentle, he looked extremely good to the big-limbed Helen Huntting the first time she laid eyes on him. If to be feminine means to be frilled and furbelowed, to be demure and dainty and dimpled, there was nothing feminine about Helen Huntting; but she was true female of the species the moment she caught sight of Stuart Eaton. She was a woman of brains who had shattered the parental pot in gaining her own development, and in the process definitely injured her strong self. She had bruised her way to college, a sullen feminist ahead of her time, fussily opposed by her white-haired mother (white-hair with reinforcements) and meanly hampered by her tight, cross-grained, wealthy father. A hard mechanical laugh was the only music she made through college. She worked savagely, ruthless of herself and of her teachers, a bride of disillusionment. Bad health took her back to her parents, but they discovered that her mouth was ruined when they tried to harness her to their social game.

It surprised and soothed this exacerbated girl to know Stuart Eaton. It stimulated Eaton to be favored of this Brunhilde. Soon after they met at her ex-professor's, she took him to Irvington to her home, exhibited its bourgeois skeletons with laughing confidence, and they both enjoyed the joke. He enjoyed the joke, too, when she made fun of the excited editor whose radicalism was his first big admiration. Stuart saw his little evening paper in a different light and looked queerly at his own great attainment of forty a week. He

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wanted to marry his Brunhilde, to take her from baleful Irvington, but an evening newspaper that turned celebrities into cockshots could hardly pay for this expensive rescue. Anyhow, did the paper cut any ice? Was it serious? Was it important?

The alchemy of opinion, during the first years of a man's serious intimacy with a woman, is much too subtle to be summed up in a few phrases: but when you note that a woman of positive character has begun to act upon a man with a deep strain of chivalry in him, you cannot be surprised that the precipitation of chivalry is determined by that woman's misfortune rather than the penumbral misfortunes of Negroes and economic serfs and Sing Sing convicts and blinkered immigrants and public-school children and state-right fanatics and victims of the tariff. A red-hot radical might see it differently, but a Fabian liberal is not likely to be recalcitrant. Helen, at any rate, became Stuart's one immense preoccupying cause.

Three years of probation passed during which her health deteriorated and her parents waxed righteous. Stuart's work improved, though he grew hollow-eyed and contentious, and fed great hatreds on many bottles of sour milk. Then the sky brightened. The proprietor of a staid and prosperous newspaper sent for him, treated him with a deference that included his daughter's classmate Helen Huntting, and offered him the golden key. Did he refuse it, nobly returning to acrimonious belching? He pit-a-patted to a telephone, his voice quivered the glad news into the ear of his beloved at Irvington. Had a heathen beheld her as she pressed the black receiver to her ear, he would have believed the black receiver the instrument of all heavenly bliss. She was seeing marriage made possible.

The conservative proprietor had his own point of view, naturally, and it was up to Stuart Eaton to respect the trust reposed in him, for which he was paid his fine salary. Being chivalrous, this was not so cruelly difficult. It rather amazed him, he found, that his old associates could be so glib and facetious and superficial about matters on which, after all, they were irresponsible outsiders; it gave him a slight pain to see how they misunderstood his own attitude the minute it departed from their orthodox heterodoxy. He kept on lunching with them, but not so frequently. And, rather to his surprise, he learned to give up sour milk and bran crackers as a midday nourishment and to adopt that meat and coffee diet which once seemed to him so characteristic of Mammon, Moloch and Beelzebub.

When it became possible for Stuart to sustain his hospitality to the old guard supporters of William Howard Taft, his former friends vindictively snorted. Their tactlessness provoked a haughty dogmatism in Stuart. This dogmatism alternated with a smile saying, "poor enthusiastic boys, to understand you is to forgive." His sensible wife reinforced this position. She laughed at the tremendous pea-shooters. She increased her own possession of him by showing him that the Republican elephant had not quailed. She did not counsel him to enlist with the big battalions, but to play with them, to understand them, to lead them. "Work from the inside out."

When Stuart and Helen agreed on this laudable practicality it looked as if brother Taft might be a winner, and his course the course of empire. Mr. Taft's failure to keep the cheap outsiders outside required an extra haughtiness and dogmatism from Stuart, and with the necessity for maintaining a proud opposition the temper of his criticisms went from lofty to loftier. He was no longer a heated liberal. He was the altitudinous philosopher of things as they are, with a decent loyalty to his employer. And he had a charming apartment up town.

Sometimes you read editorials in a great newspaper that draw the artistic line between well merited punishment meted out to pacifists by citizens outraged, and the lawless violence of labor which the administration ought to put down with a firm hand. If Stuart Eaton is still ten or fifteen years too young to produce such masterpieces of reasoning, he is already mature enough to think them advisable and to evolve his own contributions to a national mind. The administration, as he sees it now, is not engaged in conducting a government, it is engaged in a traditional conspiracy against the true believers. The pettiness of the administration that handicaps certain true believers is not merely pettiness, it is a revelation of the cloven hoof. That cloven hoof has been shown in every relation of the government to its responsibility—in unreal neutrality, on the one hand; in a failure to mobilize every resource, on the other; in cruel interference with business, in coddling labor, and so on. It is to the prosecution of such thoughts as these that Stuart is devoting his life.

He was really promising as a youth. He had the disposition that precedes genuine thinking—the disposition to examine and question and fare forth. His luminous velvety gaze, his soulful pallor, his poetry—they meant something, they were the very things that attracted his woman, they were the true exterior of his nature. What was it that beckoned him otherward? Was it this daughter of success asking him to be successful? If she bent him to her will, he yielded quite readily. She is silent now when most he is loud and truculent. It is not altogether companionable silence. F. H.

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The Future of Turkey

SINCE Napoleon first realized that the road to India lay through Egypt, it has been the curse of western thinking about the east, that it is dominated by strategy. The restless expanding Powers find a new route to the east, and instantly the satisfied conservative Powers are driven to counter-measures. It is a game of parry and thrust, in which each side is compelled to live intellectually in the movements of its sword. The Powers which are defending their older imperial interests may admit the obligation to show some concern for the welfare of the populations which inhabit the zones of advance and defense, but their thinking about these populations is inevitably influenced and distorted by the more urgent considerations of strategy. Disinterested thinking is the luxury of the secure, and none of us in Europe today is secure. None the less, the moralist would warn us that from the moment that we begin to think of any country as a road we are sinning intellectually against humanity. There is another objection to this habit, that it leads us into calculations valid only while present conditions endure. The veering of British thinking in the last half century from an uncompromising defense of Turkish "integrity" to an equally determined resolve to "break up" Turkey is the classical instance of this fallibility. Early in this war we adopted the belief that our danger in the east proceeded from a German domination of the Berlin-Bagdad road, and our answer was the scheme, disclosed in the now published treaties, for detaching the entire Arabic-speaking region from the Ottoman Empire, in order to place it under British and French control. Since the collapse of Russia a wholly new danger has emerged. The Ukraine, by concluding a separate peace, has come within the German sphere of influence, and new roads of penetration have been opened to Berlin. One of them runs through Kiev and Odessa, crosses the Black Sea, and then by Trebizond and Tabriz enters Northern Persia. Another through the now independent Cossack territories of South Russia, reaches Kazan and the Turco-Tartar country, and so passes to the Khanates of Asiatic Russia. This second route uses country inhabited by peoples who are not merely Moslem by religion but also Turkish by race, and its possibilities, given the continued impotence of Russia, are enormous. A judicious combination of economic and military organization under German leadership, with Turkish racialism and the Moslem sense of solidarity, might make it the straight road of conquest into the middle east. The war is not ended—is it even half-ended?—but already the soundness of our earlier strategical calculations seems questionable. The danger zone is now as much the Turkish area of the north, as the Arab area of the south. There is no finality in strategical thinking, and a wise man looks beyond it to other remedies, to disarmament and a League of Nations. History laughs at strategical locksmiths.

How far did this earlier strategical plan of separating the Arab regions of Turkey from the rest of the Empire, happen to coincide with a disinterested view of what is best for the peoples concerned? It is easy to make out an apparently strong case for it. This war has taught us all to think in terms of nationality. We had been talking so long about the right of Slavs, Italians and Rumanians to a separate national life that we went on by an inevitable transition to apply the same doctrine to Syrians, Arabs and Turks. We assumed that any Arabic-speaking people must wish to be separated from Turkish-speaking peoples, and because we call this big composite Empire "Turkey" we suppose that the "Turks" are an exclusive governing caste. The Turks, we argued, would have no right to feel aggrieved if we left the bulk of the genuine Turkish population under the Sultan, while the Arabic-speakers must certainly desire to set up for themselves. All this would be true and fair, if Asia were Europe. In point of fact the dividing line in the east is not race, or language, or nationality, but religion. That was a commonplace before the war, and people are forgetting it, only because our supposed strategical interests make it convenient to forget it. It was true not merely of Asia, but even of European Turkey. It made inextricable complications in Macedonia. I have known villages, in which the women and children spoke and could speak only Bulgarian, or Albanian or Rumanian (Vlach), which none the less called themselves "Greek" and acted accordingly, because they belonged to the Patriarchist "Greek" Orthodox Church. I have known other villages in Macedonia and even in Crete which spoke and could speak nothing but Bulgarian or Greek, but none the less called themselves "Turk" and acted accordingly, because they were Moslem. It is the corner-stone of Islam that it knows nothing of race, and enforces, if not the brotherhood of man, at least the brotherhood of all the faithful. One must have seen, as I have done, an ebony-black negro officer commanding white Turkish troops, to realize how little race, or even color, means to Moslems. There is, indeed, today some trace of a racial Turkish or "Pan-Turanian" movement among the westernized "intellectuals" of Constantinople, but it can have no hold on good Moslems. The Ottoman Empire does rest on a system of ascendency, but it is one of Moslems over Christians, and not of Turks over other races. The official class is racially the most heterogeneous mixture in the world. The last Grand Vizier of the old régime was an Albanian. The "palace clique," which surrounded Abdul Hamid and ruled the Empire, was composed mainly of Arabic-speaking Syrians. The chief soldier of the revolution, Mahmud Shefket, was an Arab. The leading spirits of the Young Turk Committee include several Jews, and Talaat Pasha is actually a gypsy. These are facts which warn us not to assume hastily that Syrians or other Arabs, even if they are discontented, desire racial or national independence. They are Moslems before all else, and we shall go astray if we imagine that they feel towards the Ottoman Empire what Finns and Ukrainians feel towards Russia, or Czechs and South Slavs towards Austria. There was always unrest among the Bedouin Arabs, but it was the dislike of the dweller in the desert for any centralized discipline. Even the "King" of Mecca, when he proclaimed his independence, did not in his proclamation talk nationalism. His reasons for revolt were that the Young Turks are impious and have allowed Moslem women to go unveiled.

When one turns from these general considerations to the treaty of partition, it is obvious that the strategical line of thought has not by accident led us to a good political solution. The nationalist idea, in so far as it is present, may be out of place, and it is not consistently followed. There is no mention in the treaty of Armenian or Jewish nationality. The Armenian country is divided by an arbitrary line between the Russian and French acquisitions. The Arabs are cut into three. The most advanced of them, the Syrians, go to France, along with some Kurds and some Armenians. Those of Mesopotamia are assigned to Great Britain. The portion of the race which achieves independence, the people of the desert and the Holy Cities, are the least progressive and the least political of all. This is,

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in short, a purely strategical partition. Finally, if it be said that to liberate any race in any way from Turkish misrule is a benefit, the straight answer is simple. If one wants to benefit subject races one chooses preferably those which are aware of the hardship of their lot, and those which aspire to a more progressive existence. Now the subject peoples in Turkey are the Christians, and it happens that this Arabic-speaking area contains an immense majority of Moslems. The denser Christian populations are in the north, and there also is to be found the more advanced Moslem element, which desires better education and better government. One may say of Turkey as Nekrassov said of Russia. "Who can be happy in Turkey?" but assuredly it is the mixed populations of Asia Minor which would attract us first if we were bent on helping the people.

If we can at the settlement win clear of strategical obsessions, a wholly different line of solution may present itself. Instead of attempting merely to make this and the other "road" secure, let us see how far we can use the emergency of the war to secure a comprehensive reconstruction of the Ottoman Empire. We have three levers in dealing with it. Firstly, it will ask us to consent to the abolition or modification of the "capitulations," the treaties which give extra-territorial privileges to foreigners in Turkey, including immunity from direct taxation. Secondly it will want consideration for its financial needs, and will require a big foreign loan, if it is to be saved from bankruptcy. Thirdly, there are the occupied territories, especially Mesopotamia, which might be restored if in return we could secure adequate guaranties of good government, not only in them, but in the whole Empire. The word "guaranties," in dealing with the Turks, suggests at once European supervision, and that, on international lines, under the League of Nations, will assuredly be necessary. No external guaranty, however, is worth much, unless the scheme of reconstruction commends itself to public opinion in Turkey. The Turks have shown again and again that they can thwart any reform scheme which is imposed upon them against their will. Is it possible to devise a scheme which will be at once efficacious and popular with the saner strata of opinion? There are some Turks whom we cannot hope to please and do not want to please: their bloody misrule must end. The mass of the nation is, however, as reasonable as any half-educated people can be.

An interest in Turkish affairs which now extends over twenty years has gradually fixed in my mind the conviction that one of the main reasons why reform schemes have failed in Turkey, is that they were always imposed for the benefit of some one race or some particular region. When the Concert intervened on behalf of Armenians, or Macedonians or Cretans, the ruling Turks invariably suspected that this was merely a first step in an attempt to wrench yet another portion from their patrimony, while the Moslem masses, often conscious of their misery and degradation, would ask, Has Europe no care then for our needs, that it concerns itself only with the Giaours? Any partial intervention looks to the Turks like a hostile intervention, and they will always peer behind it for the imperialistic motive. When they massacred Bulgarians or Armenians, their unspeakable cruelties had this explanation, that they saw, in these hapless protégés of the Concert, the vanguard of a future Russian conquest. The first axiom of successful reform is, therefore, that it promises benefit impartially to all the dwellers in Turkey.

The second axiom is harder to justify, and must admit of some exceptions. It is that, while we provide for cultural autonomy, and for administrative decentralization, we should not rely overmuch on any scheme of home rule all round. The chief objection to that expedient is that the races whom we specially want to benefit are seldom a majority, or at least a substantial majority of the population. The Greeks are a bare majority in some districts of Asia Minor, but not, I think, in any big area which could fairly be made into an autonomous province. The Armenians were perhaps a third of the population of "Armenia" before the last massacre: what percentage do they form today? Even if one could mark out autonomous areas here and there, the scattered Greeks and Armenians, who push deliberately as a small trading element into the denser Turkish masses, would not benefit. On the contrary they would be worse off than before, because they would be regarded with aggravated suspicion as a race which had attained the first step towards separation. It is this rooted belief that territorial autonomy means in the long run separation, which causes the Turks to resist it so bitterly. The already autonomous Lebanon must be protected and perhaps enlarged. Arabia proper, which the Turks never can govern, ought to have its complete autonomy recognized. If we mean to deal with Armenia also in this way we shall have to promote the migration of the scattered Armenians into it and to compensate the Turkish and Kurdish inhabitants for quitting it. Palestine as the "national home" of the Jews may well form another exception to the general rule.

Mr. Wilson used a pregnant phrase, "autonomous development," when he spoke of Turkey. There is a kind of autonomous development which the historic institutions of the East invite. It is the ancient rule of tolerance in every Moslem society, that within certain limits each religious community governs itself. It is not the master of any separate territory, but it does control a large part of the lives of its adherents. The sound line of development is, I think, to build on the basis which all Orientals understand, to enlarge the sphere of this cultural autonomy, and to modernize its administration. Here is a group of five villages, two Greek and three Turkish. Here is a town with its Greek, Turkish and Armenian quarters. "Autonomy" in the western sense is no solution in either case. What you can do is to place the largest possible part of the lives of each community under the control of its own elected heads—the Church, the school, the charities, the assessment of taxes, and even the minor cases of litigation between members of the same creed. That is the old eastern idea. Each village community elects its "headman." The Church has its lay synods, which really are its national council for all public purposes. Each Christian Church (and the Jews) forms a "Millet" or nation, which confers on its members a distinct legal status. The method by which village headmen are elected is primitive, and the whole organization, at its best rudimentary, suffered much dilapidation at the hands of the Young Turks. Can it be built up again on a more rational and democratic basis?

I would suggest that there might be adapted to Turkey a system of election which already exists in parts of Austria and India. The members of each religious community would form a distinct register and vote separately. Each distinct religious unit, Greeks, Armenians, Jews and Moslems, however scattered it may be, will thus elect its own representatives, a plan which eliminates the violence and chicanery hitherto usual in mixed districts. The unit of the whole system is the community grouped round a

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imperfectly established, there has been disclosed a very considerable waste of food; also other undesirable conditions. But an implication that a condition of carelessness and inefficiency regarding the matter of food control prevails throughout the cantonments, in general, would be grossly libelous.

Beginning its operations in October, 1917, this Division has conducted food surveys in nearly all of the large camps—in several a second time, and also in many of the smaller ones. Its work is being enlarged, and the regrettable instances of avoidable food waste are becoming every day less prevalent. The first sixty-eight mess surveys showed that the average daily waste of edible food was .45 of a pound per man, which is a low figure considering the conditions of haste and pressure under which most of these newly recruited organizations had been brought together.

The most helpful spirit of cooperation between these food-survey parties and the local camp authorities almost invariably prevails, and the enlisted men of the army, except that they sometimes shy at bread-crusts, enter into the spirit of this army food-control work in a very satisfactory way.

Very great improvement in conditions at the camps is often accomplished during the time occupied by the surveys; and second surveys, after the lapse of a number of months, disclose continuous decrease in the waste of food. In many instances recent surveys show that the edible waste has been reduced virtually to nothing.

That conditions in some cases are still imperfect is true, but many influences, operating in harmony, are tending toward the rapid improvement of the situation, and those who are responsible for this army food control work are hopefully and enthusiastically engaged in their part of this worthy enterprise.

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A Plea for Tolerance

SIR: I am an American of German descent. Both my grandfathers received the Iron Cross from the King of Prussia—and one at once came to America to avoid repetition of the ordeal. My father served his years of military service under the Prussian system—and at once emigrated to the land of freedom. I learned my German at home, my English at school. I learned to love the heritage of beauty, of science, of Weltanschauung that came from the Fatherland. But I also learned, at home in Germany, to understand the meaning of militarism, to dread the menace of imperial politics. When the coming of war found me studying in Paris I understood, and it was no small task to obey, the injunction of our President and to return home to an impossible neutrality and a futile peace. How far wiser were Chapman and Prince and other college mates in the Foreign Legion! And what salvation to humanity that we all now are coming to understand and are doing our duty! I am in earnest; and thousands of "German-Americans" such as I are more fervently in the war to the end than are those who do the shouting.

And it is painful. It is hard to mow down cousins and friends of long standing, yet in so far as they defend a pirate government they are culpable and we do not hesitate to impose the death penalty. There is now no other way. But far more painful, because so cruelly unjust and unnecessary, is the wanton murder of all that is beautiful and precious in the German heritage. To speak the familiar tongue is sedition. To sing an ancient folk-song is treason. The music, the philosophy, the architecture, the literature of our fathers is rankest poison. We are liable to be "reported" by any moron and subjected to inquisitions by federal agents at every turn. These "heart-to-heart talks," as they are styled when there is not the least evidence for other action, officially counsel hate toward everything German, vilify our origin and our traditions, and, coming from the government itself, implant a rancor that does not heal. Can one wonder at the numerous suicides among German-Americans? Is it surprising that it becomes unbearable and that the weaker ones turn truly pro-German, convinced that Prussianism at its worst never sent an agent into their homes to inspect at will, to shout down all their intimate values and to demand vociferous lies against themselves?

The letter from a high school pupil which you quote in your valuable article on the German-American problem is only a small instance. A movie theatre urges its patrons to listen to the conversation of their neighbors and to report anything suspicious, which may range from a German accent to some impatience with the stupid but perhaps excusable excesses of the war films. A prominent newspaper writes editorially, "If some of these aliens who still imagine they have the same liberty of speech they enjoyed before the war were to wake up some fine morning to find steps had been taken to sequestrate their property and otherwise deal with their malicious activities they would get exactly what they deserve," which is true of hostile enemy aliens, but which is generally applied to hundred per cent Americans who may be singing the innocent songs of their childhood or be speaking to a beloved mother in the only language she can well use.

It is this that causes distraction. It is this that helps toward the alarming anti-war votes in Wisconsin, for instance. Is it surprising? Our President does not sympathize. He is making every effort to win the friendship of the German people in Germany. But his own petty officials and the vast majority of his fellow-citizens are making his task impossible and are jeopardizing much of the great good that the war should accomplish by this cruel and purposeless malice. This is the "German-American problem." What can we do about it?

GERALD L. WENDT.

Chicago, Illinois.

The Swiss and the Melting Pot

SIR: Referring to your editorial in No. 175 of the New Republic on the Expediency of Nationalistic Organizations, it may interest you to know that the stand which you take in the matter is shared by the residents of Swiss descent in New York who, when approached some months ago with the suggestion that they found in the United States a branch society of the Nouvelle Société Helvétique, a partly political, partly cultural society of Switzerland, in answer thereto adopted by unanimous consent a resolution concurring with the principles laid down in your editorial.

J. A. SCHWARZMANN.

New York City.

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VERSE

The Patio

I have grown weary of the mesa's splendor,
The golden desert and the wind-swept height.
Draw the soft curtains from the narrow window,
Leave me the quiet patio tonight.

Here the clouds rest above the gray cathedral,
While the sky mellows with the sunset glow.
Here the brown leaves may stop and rest a little,
Where the brown robins softly come and go.

Gray poplar boughs grow grayer in the twilight,
The cedar top points ever toward its star.
Slowly the dusk enfolds the walls and chimneys,
Softly the moon mounts, graciously afar
Glows the dream beauty of the night's deep purple,
And I grow peaceful as the poplars are.

Tomorrow I shall seek the vast horizons,
Shall dare the cliffs, the peaks, the dizzy light,
Shall drink the wind on bleak and lonely mesas.
Give me the tender patio tonight.

ROSE HENDERSON.

From the Stone Age

Long ago some one carved me in the semblance of a god.
I have forgot now what god I was meant to represent.
I have no consciousness now but of stone, sunlight, and rain;
The sun baking my skin of stone, the wind lifting my hair:
The sun's light is hot upon me,
The moon's light is cool,
Casting a silver-laced pattern of light
Over the planes of my body:
My thoughts now are the thoughts of a stone,
My substance now is the substance of life itself;
I have sunk deep into life as one sinks into sleep;
Life is above me, below me, around me,
Moving through my pores of stone—
It does not matter how small the space you pack life in,
That space is as big as the universe—
Space, volume, and the overtone of volume
Move through me like chords of music,
Like the taste of happiness in the throat,
Which you fear to lose, though it may choke you. . . .
(In the cities this is not known,
For space there is emptiness,
And time a torment). . . .
Since I became a stone
I have no need to remember anything,
Everything is remembered for me;
I live and I think and I dream as a stone,
In the warm sunlight, in the gray rain;
All my surfaces are touched to softness
By the light fingers of the wind,
The slow dripping of rain:
My body retains only faintly the image
It was meant to represent,
I am more beautiful and less rigid,
I am a part of space,
Time has entered into me,
Life has passed through me—
What matter the name of the god I was meant to represent?

ALICE CORBIN.

An Abandoned Adobe

Yellow walls in the yellow sunlight,
Glowing, vibrant beside the water,
A bit of desert beside the water,
Silent, empty in wind and sunshine,
Open windows and sunlit doorway,
Drinking the scent of wayside blossoms,
How must the whispering wind thrill through thee,
Crying soft to thy heart of silence,
Speaking to thee as to all things lonely.

ROSE HENDERSON.

Corals

My coral beads came from a cave
  Deep in a southern sea;
It was a young mermaid who gave
  This strand of rose to me.

She has a castle like a shell
  Of opal-colored hue;
She has a sweet-toned golden bell
  That rings the whole night through.

Her hair is long, her eyes are deep
  And sapphire like the waves;
She has no woe to make her weep,
  And gold-fish are her slaves;

And in her castle she may lie
  With sea-flowers in her hands,
And hear the murmur going by
  Of ships to other lands,

ZOË AKINS.

Parade

Flat on the bare earth's face
A regiment of men
Parades up to the setting sun.

A swishing stride binds the two thousand;
The naked will of music builds
One being free from the dissolution
Of many creatures.

BAKER BROWNELL.

Sonnet

The snow is thawing on the hanging eaves,
The buds unroll upon the basking limb,
And hidden birds are practising a hymn
To sing when petals fall among the leaves.
And yet in life there is an interim
So dull that stagnant loneliness bereaves
Beauty of tenderness, and hope deceives
Until the eyes grow sceptical and dim.

I know I have no right to solitude
When every friendly grove is loud with calls
From bird to mating bird, and all the wood
Is throbbing with the voice of waterfalls,
But merry song and liquid interlude
Ring in my heart like mirth in empty halls.

ROBERT SILLIMAN HILLYER.

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At the Capitol

Avoiding England's Successes

LAST spring the catchword was that in organizing for war America should avoid the mistakes of the Allies. It was a tactful invention to forestall resentment against the visiting Allied commissions on the ground that foreigners should presume to teach us anything. In administration circles dealing with labor one heard constantly of the "English experience"—so constantly in fact, that one could use the words only with the same diffidence with which one now pronounces "camouflage." For in her arrangements about labor England had made a conspicuous success considering the difficulties. Every one advocated American imitation.

Two commissions explained fully what had been done. One consisted of British labor leaders, the other of British government officials. The latter traveled for weeks about our industrial centres, until it seemed that no one could be ignorant of the matter. Briefly, what was this "English experience"? At the outbreak of the war a number of important wage agreements were about to terminate and Englishmen expected a general and destructive class warfare. But with the German assault, the government and labor immediately saw the need of conciliation. Several of the most important labor leaders came to London at once, and before long reached an understanding with officials which was called the Treasury agreement. Later, with a few modifications, this was made law in the Munitions act. The basis of the law was therefore an agreement between the parties concerned, and the law was passed after this deliberation by a Parliament in which labor was generously represented.

The law prohibited strikes and lockouts, but this prohibition rested on a solid basis. The plants doing war work were to come under strict government control. Their profits were to be limited, so that they could make little more money than under normal conditions. Existing union wage scales were to be maintained. Demands for more were to be passed on by adjustment boards, and were to be based on changes in the cost of living. The unions were to give up all restrictions on output, and were to admit women and unskilled laborers to the plants, at such wages and under such conditions that union wages would not be lowered, or union men thrown out of work. The government promised to restore the old conditions after the war. It was a real bargain. Employers sacrificed large profits; employees sacrified the right to strike and other measures of self-protection.

Many attempts have been made in this country to profit by that experience. At last, nearly a year after our entry into the war, a board of representative employers and union leaders were assembled to reach an agreement. One would have supposed that Congress would have been waiting eagerly for this board to complete its work, if legislation were contemplated. But Congress had given no sign of interest in the matter. One day, while the board was in session, a bill was being considered to punish any one who should "wilfully injure or destroy, by fire, or by use of explosives, or by other violent means" any war material or war plant. A good and necessary measure, but one wholly unrelated with labor adjustment. Suddenly several congressmen began to talk about strikes. And Mr. Cannon introduced the following amendment: "Whoever, with intent to injure, interfere with, or obstruct the United States or any associate nation in preparing or carrying on the war, shall conspire to prevent the erection or production of such war premises" and so on, "shall, upon conviction thereof, be fined not more than $10,000 or imprisoned not more than thirty years, or both."

There ensued a controversy about whether the Cannon amendment would make unlawful legitimate strikes. On this question Congress came to no decision, but although several good lawyers expressed the opinion that courts could abuse the measure, it was passed because to oppose it would seem unpatriotic. Mr. Lunn, as a safeguard, then introduced another amendment: "Provided . . . that nothing herein shall be construed as making it unlawful for employees to agree together to stop work or not to enter thereon with the bona fide purpose of securing better wages or conditions of employment." The Lunn amendment was passed by a safe majority.

Last week the bill came to the Senate, for final approval. In the meantime the labor board had reached an agreement on the strength of which both sides conceded that there should be no strikes or lockouts. But a bitter fight developed in the Senate on the Lunn amendment. To approve the amendment would be to encourage strikes, and the speakers seized the chance not only to assail the I. W. W., as usual, but all organized labor. Mr. Hollis and Mr. Fletcher tried desperately to instill into their colleagues a little hurried education on the subject. But the opponents were stony, and the Senate's approval of the bill was withheld because of the Lunn amendment. The conferees were instructed to request the House to withdraw it. It was unquestionably the intention of the Senate to use this subterfuge in order to secure anti-strike legislation.

On the same day Mr. Gompers in a public speech expressed the resentment of organized labor. "You may make stoppage of work unlawful, but you cannot thus prevent it; instead you will only make men lawbreakers as well as strikers. I warn Congress not to commit the deviltry and folly of enacting such a law." This statement could be made to sound as if he were advocating strikes, and it was made to sound so the next day by Senator Sherman. As a matter of fact the representatives of Mr. Gompers' organization had just agreed that in return for certain concessions from employers, there should be no strikes during the war.

But the action of the Senate was more than a slap in the face of labor. It was a dangerous intrigue against the agreement which labor had just concluded. Labor had needed its right to strike as a protection, which it could and did give up only in return for balancing concessions from employers. The Senate ignored this bargain. It disingenuously tried to make effective an anti-strike provision in a measure where it did not belong, in a measure which did not enact at the same time the concessions which labor had received. Instead of following the logical and democratic English precedent, the Senate, after months of apparent indifference, suddenly took action calculated to invalidate the understanding just reached between employers and employees. In the meantime, of course, the highly necessary law to prevent wilful destruction of war products is indefinitely delayed.

And while Mr. Gompers and his followers are thinking over the uncomfortable position in which they and the country have thus been put, they might consider whether in this instance democracy would not have functioned more smoothly if they, like their English comrades, had been represented in the national legislature by a party of their own.

G. S.

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After the Play

"YOU couldn't have any sympathy for her, could you?" "No, nor for anyone else in the play." With these words a pleasant couple, mother and daughter, turned their backs on the performance of Hedda Gabler which Mme. Nazimova is giving at the Plymouth theatre in New York. With these words, and words like them, many people still leave the plays of Ibsen.

Part of the estrangement must be laid to Mme. Nazimova, but Mme. Nazimova alone could not account for these pleasant auditors. They had also failed to seize the feeling with which Ibsen addressed himself to Hedda Gabler and the kind of æstheticism and fastidiousness of which she is the perfect exemplification. Looking to him to edify their souls either by the brightness of one character or the blackness of another, they missed altogether the invincible determination of Ibsen to do justice to a woman whom he pitied and understood. An uncommon type of woman, as Mme. Nazimova supposes, an exotic erotic? By no means. A woman of quite familiar character alien neither to Brookline, Mass., nor Butte, Mont.; a romantic invert. It is the misfortune of the bourgeois theatre that this revelatory drama proves so out of place in it.

The one personage to whom Ibsen devotes himself in this drama is the young wife of Dr. George Tesman. The professor and his aunt, Judge Brack, Eilert Lovborg and Mrs. Elvsted, are not merely subsidiary in the drama; they are subsidiary in the interest of the dramatist. The high light of his attention is concentrated on Hedda Gabler with something like a surgeon's intensity. He has here, as he realizes, something besides the participant in a drama. The exigent nature of Hedda Gabler is itself the mainspring of the play.

Hedda Gabler is a woman before she is a human being, and a woman with romantic demands upon the world. She wants the life that she shrinks from to be beautiful, to serve her notion of beauty. She wants to be the centre of life, to have power. An absolutely untutored character in so far as worldly action is concerned, she is feline in her personal relations to those about her, her fellow-schoolgirls, her servant, her husband, her husband's aunt. With a few touches Ibsen gives us the perspective of her girlhood; the fear she inspired in the simpleton Thea Elvsted; her encouragement to Eilert Lovborg and her holding him at arm's length; her endurance of George Tesman's courtship and her final acceptance of that poor slave's proposal; her absolute refusal to consider the ignominious possibility of becoming a mother. With all these signs of tyrannical wilfulness, there is also her boredom and her impatience, the vindictive coldness of her attitude toward her aunts, her meanness toward the old servant. She wants life, she wants power, she wants beauty, but she is slave as well as tyrant, she is dissatisfied with the villa that Tesman has provided for her, with his failure to give her "society," his endless twittering about the domestic industries of Brabant. Whichever way she turns, the stubborn and ugly facts of her servitude oppress her, and there is no escape by way of an "adventure" with Judge Brack. She is not afraid to let him sound her, she enjoys the excitement of it, but unfaithfulness to Tesman is outside her calculations, and her feelings are untouched. Her iciness, indeed, is the counterpart of her fastidiousness. She is still underemotional, except as concerns herself.

And then fate delivers Thea Elvsted into her talons. In Thea Elvsted, Eilert Lovborg has found the companionship that he needed, and Mrs. Elvsted is willing to leave her inert husband to assist Lovborg in his career. Hedda Gabler sees before her a mere impulsive female, and this simple creature has dedicated herself to the genius whom she herself turned aside. Her enmity is profoundly aroused, but its concealment is instinctive. She persuades Mrs. Elvsted to trust her, to bring Eilert Lovborg to her in the name of her friendship for both.

The inversion of Hedda Gabler's nature is perfectly exhibited in the reunion with Eilert Lovborg. He must not call her "Hedda," he may think of her as "Hedda" if he likes; and then, under the eyes of Mrs. Elvsted, she sends him out to dare his weakness, "vine-leaves in his hair." She is a Circe, but a sort of high-school Circe, with an essential vicariousness in her desire for Eilert's recklessness, a mingled deviltry and prurience and cowardice. Those who are frustrated have a tragic need to frustrate others, and Hedda's willingness to endanger Eilert Lovborg is part of her inappeasable egoism.

The same egoism meets Eilert Lovborg when he reappears, his lost manuscript concealed by the insatiate Hedda. It is in her power to save him but her jealousy of life is stronger than any magnanimity, and she gives him her pistol so that he "do it beautifully," a wreath of ivy to crown the vine-leaves in his hair. When he shoots himself in the bowels, the romanticism of the Hedda Gablers, the nay-sayers, is wilfully mutilated by Ibsen. It is his ultimate comment on the æsthetic refusal to live. With Eilert's destruction and the sinister power it gives to Judge Brack, there is less chance than ever for Hedda to face her future. She is George Tesman's, she is to become a mother to his child. Her answer is to cancel herself, to recede out of reach.

The essence of Hedda Gabler, it seems to me, is her traditional acceptance of the censorships against which her nature rebels. Unlike her husband or her aunt, she is too positive to be a bland conformist. Unlike Eilert Lovborg or Mrs. Elvsted, she is too afraid of the cost of nonconformity to risk being herself, much less to play the game of her admirer, the average sensual man. Her attempt to romanticize the tragedy of Lovborg is a perversion that comes from leaving her marriage unexamined. She cannot afford to examine her marriage, it is one of the insincere consequences of her first principle—to have her way without facing out her conflict with her world.

The universality of the Gabler type is scarcely to be guessed from the performance of Mme. Nazimova. Mme. Nazimova has one great theatrical virtue; she is not a sentimentalist. If she conceives that she has to be acrid, she is as acrid as quinine, and you can like it or leave it. But when this maturity of conception is granted, you come to limitations of nature and taste that are only accentuated by opportunity. Mme. Nazimova has much cleverness, but it is narrowly theatrical cleverness, and her total effect is the effect of a poinsettia. Hers is a Hedda of cheap externalities, not worthy of Ibsen. It cannot be denied that she parades Hedda Gabler quite wonderfully, dresses it with an extraordinary sense of its picturesque possibilities, and makes the most of every effective, flagrant contrast. But to see the part twisted and wrung for effectiveness is to suffer unnecessary pain. I do not want to be reminded of Mme. Nazimova every moment of the performance. I want some slight chance to remember Ibsen. The insistence of the actress's mispronunciations is not a little, to start with, without painful exaggerations of detail. Mr. Atwill's comic version of the professor relieved a morbific performance. But it took the hardy Ibsen to survive.

F. H.

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After the Play

JOKING aside, a play like The Army With Banners, by Charles Rann Kennedy, is socially useful. For three hours it unites the most disparate men and women and keeps them united. Under its influence we all feel alike —highbrow, tired business man, person of quality, cowboy, uplifter, falconer and chauffeur, surgeon and thaumaturge. No two would give the same account of the play, perhaps none of us can give any, but for three hours all have suffered together. Blest be the tie that binds.

Even at a first night there are innocent bystanders, spectators who have come neither to knock nor to boost, but just to pass the time. Would that every first night audience consisted wholly of such as these! But no first night audience does. None can. Friends, friends, friends —of author, players, manager, even of the lady who "executed" the costumes—these are they who throng the theatre, who seize upon every occasion for applause, or, if occasions are scarce, upon every slenderest pretext. Well and good when the performance puts us into the mood these friends brought with them. Less well when a difference appears early between their mood and ours. Not well at all when this difference grows big. In such cases one passes too often from benevolence to indifference, from indifference to ill will.

Something of the sort befell me at 65 West Thirty-fifth Street, on Tuesday, April 9th, when The Army With Banners was given for the first time. Accident had kept me from seeing any earlier play by Mr. Kennedy. I was not living in the United States when The Servant in the House flourished all over the United States, or in New York when The Winter Feast was produced. On Tuesday night I took my seat without prejudice. I looked at the programme—good bye to innocence—the seeds of prejudice had already fallen, not on stony ground. A Poor Fool, A Lady of Good Motives, A Man of the Past, A Man of the Present, A Man of the Minute, A Man of Almost any Time, A Man Out Of Time Altogether. The Scene: Anywhere in Europe, in the Hall of a Gothic Building of the thirteenth century, formerly a Nunnery, now converted into an Orphanage. Time: At the Coming of the Lord.

A large order, all this, thought I. It will be hard to make the thirteenth-centuriness of that Gothic Hall count as no earlier or later Hall would have counted. It will be mighty hard to discriminate the Man of Almost any Time from the Man of the Past. This dramatist is starting himself yards and yards behind scratch. I wonder why. Can he be a trifle overconfident of winning?

That way came prejudice, by which I mean a disposition, furtive at first, to expect as much from Mr. Kennedy as I suspected him of expecting from himself; a disposition not to take the play simply, as one takes Shakespeare or George M. Cohan, but to keep derisive watch for lofty intentions and high aims, and unfairly to contrast these with what the eye saw and the ear heard. Mr. Kennedy balked this particular prejudice of its prey. He never gave me a chance to make that malicious contrast. His aims were high, his intentions lofty. So much was obvious. But what else were they? For the life of me I could not tell.

May I not say, however, that Mr. Kennedy has aimed at making a noble and spiritual work of art, that he has tried to do this not by inculcating a detachable and portable moral but by trying to stimulate our imaginations? He tries to show us contrasts. A contrast between the sterile craft of worldlings and the guileless wisdom of a sainted fool who dances and says he jests. A contrast between the futile acrobatics of a Billy Sundayish revivalist and the noiseless miracles that true faith works. A contrast between the coming of the revivalist, which we see, and the Lord's coming, which we divine through the hopes of a simple woman with a spiritual mind, a modern saint.

These contrasts might have been clear but for the process which I ascribe, quite without authority, to Mr. Kennedy. The Army With Banners sounds as if he had kept the manuscript long in hand, adding day by day one more thought, one more allusion, one more reference, one more symbol more, until he had turned out and prepared for the killing a Strasbourg goose of a play, stuffed, overfed, all its outlines dimmed with fatness. The result is not richness, but the dreariest confusion. The artist is known by what he omits, and so is Mr. Kennedy, who omits nothing.

No, that can't be true. Every man's mind is a storage warehouse that contains more furniture than any play will hold, however long. Even Mr. Kennedy had to pick and choose. His play sounds as if he had been guided in making his choices not only by a desire to write an ennobling and elevating work of art but also by a desire to appear both sweetly wise and smartly knowing. "I will now compose a spiritual comedy which shall reveal my intellectual up-to-dateness and my love of the immortal verities, my awareness of Billy Sunday and my loyalty to the eternal healing gentlenesses"—if Mr. Kennedy had said something like that to himself I for one cannot see where the resultant play would have differed from The Army With Banners. "Behold a spiritual teacher who knows this world like a man of the world, the other world like a saint, and both like a philosopher"—surely the wish to be recognized as such a teacher may without shame be taken to one's bosom, but one's bosom should be discreet enough to keep its lodger hid.

A chaos of high aims and pretentiousness—such is my impression of Mr. Kennedy's play, if it really be Mr. Kennedy's, a thing of which I am by no means sure. The programme says he wrote it. In his speech after the third act he did not deny his authorship, though I rather hoped he would. For by this time I was harboring a suspicion, which before the end of the fifth act was almost a conviction, that the real author of the play must be Pichtchalkin, who calls on the hero of Turgeniev's Smoke. "Pichtchalkin came, the worthy juge de paix, and stayed three little hours. He talked, argued, raised questions, touched in turn upon the most elevated and the most practical subjects, and at last diffused such boredom that the unhappy Litvinof was ready to howl with despair. When it came to begetting a feeling of boredom that was mortal, glacial, incurable, Pichtchalkin had no equal."

Sooner or later, after noticing that he has misnamed his other-worldly comedy, and after discarding The Army With Banners for l'Autre monde où l'on s'ennuie, or for some still apter title, Mr. Kennedy will perhaps sit down and try to find out why his achievement has in this instance fallen short of his intentions. One likes to imagine him in soliloquy. "I did not grasp my design," he will say, "with sufficient imaginative force. I left 'the fundamental brain work' undone. Instead of cutting away irrelevant material, in order to make my design come out clear, I tried to hide from myself, by adding one irrelevancy after another, the fact that I had, strictly speaking, no imagined design. And I tried, I now perceive for the first time how hard I tried, to bribe people to think well of the play by displaying the estimable qualities of its author."

Q. K.

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How Germany Fares

The Iron Ration, by George Abel Schreiner. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.00.

FOR almost four years the American public has been able to get only occasional glimpses of German internal conditions through the thick mist of propaganda and falsification. When the German rush was checked at the Marne and the British blockade became complete, it was the fashion of the Allied press to picture Germany as a state that could not long be self sufficient: she was expected quickly to go down for want of essential imports. The American press accepted this view for a time. But when the German collapse failed to come off our press veered to the opposite extreme. German efficiency in production, in the conservation of existing supplies and in the invention of substitutes was expected to insure the population against distress even through a prolonged war. Since that time we have vacillated between the hope of German economic collapse and despair of her ever being reduced to the point where she could be made to listen to reason, except by a crushing military defeat.

What has happened in Germany in the last year we might infer from the experience of the three preceding years, if we could lay it before our eyes, uncolored by propagandist purposes. Mr. Schreiner's book goes far toward making this possible. From the internal evidence one judges that the author has done his best to keep his facts and his hopes from mixing. He formally repudiates the kind of autocracy that consists in stuffing one's opinions down others' throats. As an ex-Boer soldier and an American Associated Press correspondent, he could be as neutral during the first years of the war as it was possible for anyone to be. In his capacity as reporter he saw every front and moved about incessantly among the chief cities of all the Central Powers. Speaking German "almost perfectly," he was in a position to secure opinions from all manner of men. Except for the unsound observations on the financial aspects of the war which he bravely underwrites, the opinions he gathered appear candid and intelligent. Unquestionably his book is worth the reader's attention.

At the outset we have a picture of Germany in the first months of the war. All Germany then believed that the war would quickly end in a victorious peace. Spirits were high, living was good, and the profiteers were reaping exuberant harvests out of war contracts. We who blush for the doings of our own profiteering tribe may take solace from the fact that profiteering under the supposedly efficient German government was just as brazen and coarse. Possibly it was even grosser, for the whole crew of pushing German exploiters who had brought odium upon the German name in all the four quarters had now no other field for their endeavors than the home market. There was a gold mine in the people's necessities, properly cornered. The government, for its part, was compiling optimistic statistics built largely upon guesswork data and issuing quasi-advisory injunctions not to eat too much, for all the world like a democracy unused to the economic requirements of war. In some instances the government went beyond this, as in the precipitate suggestion for the slaughter of swine which loaded the German larders with spoiled sausage and badly cured hams and bacon. The trained butchers, we may explain, were mostly at the front, and the amateurs left at home made a bad job of it.

Six months passed and the pinch began to be felt. Not everywhere; anyone with money enough could get what he wanted at "food speak-easies," where merchants who had "sold out all their stocks" at the public prices made their cellars yield sustenance like the widow's cruse, for the right prices. Besides, there was feasting in the country, to which an unheard of number of city dwellers resorted for week-ends, bringing back, instead of bouquets of wild flowers, hams or dressed geese or sacks of potatoes. The poor began to be pinched; but the developing famine wore the appearance of a money famine rather than that of an absolute lack of necessities. But it was easy to see what was coming, with the inevitable decline in agricultural production resulting from the mobilization of men and the commandeering of horses, the lack of artificial fertilizer, the shortage of fodder. Hoarding assumed vast proportions, with great consequent waste. Cellars and closets could not keep food at the storage warehouse standard of freshness. Clearly there was vastly more of the practice of each for himself than we had anticipated in the socialized German state of our imagination.

Through 1915 the shortage grew more and more acute, government regulation followed haltingly after—much as in a democracy. The profiteers were curbed, a little, though the government appears to have been unaccountably lax in its dealings with them. Some defender of things as they are foisted upon the author the explanation that profiteering was a conscious method of mobilizing the pennies. What little the poor had the profiteers squeezed out of them, to be invested in war loans or paid out in taxes. One surmises that the government might have found less destructive means of raising funds if it had been really efficient. It was not efficient: therefore it did not dare, for a long time, to invade the domain of business even to the extent of putting down the profiteer. In the end the government had to come to it. It had to undertake the regulation of distribution as well as of prices. Every consumer had to be attached to a particular dealer, responsible for delivering his scanty allowance at a stipulated price. Every retailer in turn was attached to particular wholesalers or producers, who had to observe stringent rules as to profits and distribution of supplies. A system had been evolved under which the people could hold out, but miserably. It was a system of rationing that gave enough to the strong but pinched the weak, hastened the death of the old, stunted the children. It made hunger the most general German sensation, food the chief preoccupation. Such was the state at the opening of 1917. Matters can hardly have improved since.

Under the prolonged strain a general deterioration was inevitable. The neatness and good repair of the German cities and villages became a fading tradition. Where were the material and labor for the normal requirements of new roofs, fresh coats of paint? The fields no longer displayed their uniformity of high tilth. The highways, since time out of mind the envy of less orderly states, became rutted and full of sink holes almost impassable in the rains. Railway beds ran down, so that every train had to be slowed down to half speed for safety, and yet the accident rate mounted. Rolling stock racked itself to pieces, and the crippled trains on the rickety tracks became quite inadequate to the traffic. Coal shortages became the order of the day. When we get full records of the shiverings of the German city populations, we shall smile over our own small miseries of last winter. All this, to be sure, takes no account of what has happened since America's entry into the war. But we are safe in inferring that the holes in the highways haven't healed up of themselves, nor have

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the battered cars and locomotives been made whole. There has certainly been no return of laborers from the army to arrest the process of material decay.

What might be expected of moral tendencies within the iron ring enclosing Germany? A whole people can not go about hungry, month after month, and keep intact the moral values built up in time of peace. Mr. Schreiner records instances of soldiers returning on furlough to eat up inconsiderately the scanty food allowances of their wives and children; and of other soldiers returning to the front before their furloughs expired, preferring the more liberal army rations to the society of their families. Sex morality, as in all wars, has suffered severely. Among so many women, hungry themselves and under the necessity of finding food for hungry children, the resort to occasional prostitution has naturally been frequent. Perhaps more potent than want in breaking down the customary moral restraints has been the insistent need for an emotional release from the crushing psychical burden of a never ending war. Mr. Schreiner absolves the government from the slanderous charge that it encourages sexual laxity in the interest of repopulation. What the government has done in the matter is to extend allowances to unmarried mothers and in some states to permit such mothers to call themselves Frau instead of Fräulein. But these are merely measures of humanity.

While Germany will have a serious problem in moral repair after the war, she will have made progress in one important respect, the extension of the sphere of woman in economic life and her liberation from the autocratic power of the master of the house. "I am glad to report that a large crevasse was torn into the Hausfrau notion by the war. With millions of men at the front, the women had to stand on their feet. The clinging ivy became a tree." Even in Turkey the war is pushing women toward emancipation. "We must work, work, work," says Halideh Hannym, the accomplished lady who has succeeded in opening Constantinople University to women. "If Turkey is to be regenerated, her women must do it."

Life in the Central Powers at war appears grim at best. But "the art world did yeoman service to keep the population from going insane." Concert composers worked busily: ten new serious operas and twenty "Viennese" operas were turned out in the first three years of war; drama flourished, and "in Berlin, Vienna and Budapest it was a poor week that did not have its two or three premières." A great deal of Shakespeare was given, and occasionally plays by Oscar Wilde, Bernard Shaw and the older French playwrights. "No changes were made in the play lists of the operas, nor was prejudice manifested on the concert programmes." At first sight this would appear to argue a more adult state of mind than is manifested in other belligerent states where women and men win merit by a campaign even against enemy sonatas. The truth appears to be that the war rests with such crushing weight upon the Central European consciousness that such a pretty, patriotic pose is felt to be utterly out of place.

The men who engineered this war anticipated a brief, brisk campaign, resulting in widened boundaries for the Central Empires and greater prestige, while internal relations remained the same. One can not read such books as the Iron Ration without being driven to the conclusion that not even complete victory could restore the old Germany or the ancient iniquitous Dual Empire. Railways and roads and roofs may be repaired, but a common hunger has made fantastic many of the class lines so sharply drawn before the war. Germany may, as the author predicts, become a liberal state, or she may become an aristocratic state founded more upon brute force and less upon habit and prescription. Evolution proceeds at a terrifying rate in war, but its course can be correctly outlined only after the close of a generation.

A. J.

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A Tragedy of Faith

The Hostage, by Paul Claudel. Translated under the direction of Pierre Chavannes with an Introduction by him. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.50.

PAUL CLAUDEL is a witness that belief may be the most difficult of arts. Catholic, aristocrat, contemptuous of the easy phrase—liberty, fraternity, equality—he has taken pride in making the Almighty not too accessible. This second of his later plays to be translated, unlike The Tidings Brought to Mary, is not serene in tone. Its essential tragedy is in the relations of its heroine, Sygne, with God. Her faith is tortured on the grill of priestly metaphysics. That very faith causes her to betray what she holds most dear, her honor and her fealty to the sole representative of her family, George de Coufontaine. And he, in search of certitude among men, dies utterly foiled.

"Faites que je sois comme un semeur de solitude et que celui qui entend ma parole rentre chez lui inquiet et lourd," says Claudel in one of his Five Great Odes. In

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truth he is a sower of solitude in The Hostage. Each scene is full of a grief that even the presence, off-stage as it were, of a waiting God cannot assuage.

Take the opening scene in the Cistercian Abbey of Coufontaine. Sygne has made it the nucleus of the Coufontaine lands, which she has painfully recovered since the revolution of 1793 in order that her cousin George and his family may have a restored domain.

> "The value of every field studied, and of each corner of every field, the price of corn and wine, of building stone, plaster and wood, and the labor of men and women—"

these have been her care. A fugitive in the night, rescuer of the Pope from Napoleon's hands, George tells her that his wife and children are dead. The years of sacrifice have been in vain. Sygne's grief is a paean:

> "I do not grieve, but rejoice!
> O God, I rejoice bitterly in Thy grandeur and my own inutility, and I rejoice that Thou hast remembered even me in these Thy designs which surpass all human understanding."

But Sygne is deprived even of the joy of abnegation. Her honor, her vow to George, the honor of the family must be betrayed in a marriage to Toussaint Turelure, as the price of the escape of the Pope whom George has brought under her roof. The scene in which Sygne embraces the sacrifice at the artful prompting of the priestly Monsieur Bodilon, is consummate in the delicacy of its torture.

The author has himself tempered the devastating victory he has accorded to God. For the next to last scene in which Sygne dies unforgiving, is varied in the acting version of the play in such fashion that by a gesture she consummates her sacrifice and attains presumable redemption.

The theology of The Hostage cannot impair the force of its art for dissenting readers. As an artist Claudel has approached life in the spirit of a phrase set in one of the Odes, "Toute la nature sans moi est vaine; c'est moi qui lui confère son sens." To accept for this sombrely lit play the hierarchy—aristocratic or churchly—upon which the author insists as an essential to life, is the least tribute that is due his genius.

H. J. S.

Recent Publications

Covered with Mud and Glory, by Georges Lafond; translated with a preface by Maurice Barrès, by Edwin Gile Rich. Including A Tribute to the Soldiers of France, by Georges Clemenceau. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50.

CHOCOLATE was only a mule, but when Sergeant-Major Georges Lafond, of the Territorial Hussars, was lying wounded in the hospital at Abbéville after the battle of the Somme, he gratefully remembered the faithful animal with the head of an epicurean philosopher and deep mocking eyes who as file leader carried a machine gun, indifferent to danger, adversity, death, knowing there were oats at the end, tonight or tomorrow, so what difference did it make? Of the human figures belonging to the same machine gun company, covered with mud and glory, the two most lovable are "Father Music," who amused the soldiers by playing popular airs on a badly tuned piano although there was a time when he had considered Massenet, Delibes, and Gounod profane and everything strange that was not classical or the Gregorian chant; and another who was known only as "a commander," with a sovereign contempt for danger and an absolutely definite conviction that he would be killed in the next attack. The night before death came he looked at the sky and murmured, "How beautiful it is. . . . I am homesick for the light and the sea. The light, the sea, the woman; the greatest joys, the greatest sorrows!" By the very sympathy with which he writes of his comrades in life and death, M. Lafond reveals much of the breadth and courage and kindliness of his own spirit.

To Arms! (La Veillée des Armes). Authorized translation from the French of Marcelle Tinayre by Lucy H. Humphrey; with a preface by John H. Finley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

"WHEN there is to be an earthquake, the wind dies down, the animals are dumb, and the immobility of death precedes the first shock. So, waiting for the moment of the convulsion, the people viewed life as suspended about them." Something of this breathless hush rests over the whole of To Arms—a story of the fateful forty-eight hours when France stood on the threshold of war. The incidents, in themselves detached, are bound together by the silent intensity of emotion, and the little unknown street in Paris on which the drama is enacted is like an etched frieze where everything is subordinated to the impending tragedy in the background—the imminent necessity for suspending normal life. For what purpose was an etamine dress embroidered with yellow flowers? asked Simone, the happy wife, suddenly overwhelmed with the realization that war was a terrible possibility. And yet the rhythm of the little street, the familiar street, was scarcely changed, although the interminable hours had increased the anxious emotions in all hearts. The confidence of the solidity and stability of a certain known order of things was gone. Like all the others she sought to restore moral poise by doing small actions, conforming to daily habits. With extraordinary insight the author lays bare human nature in its reactions to the ephemeral and provisional, and so outstanding, so illuminating, is this analysis of men and women in moments of cataclysmic change that it transcends even the main theme of the book—the real heroism of France in the memorable days when she was preparing for war.

Teepee Neighbors, by Grace Coolidge. Boston: The Four Seas Co. $1.50.

A NEW YORK newspaper wondered not long ago why more American Indians did not enlist in the army. Teepee Neighbors is one answer. Grace Coolidge, married to an Arapahoe Indian, sketches the disease-haunted, frustrated life on the reservation; vignettes in gray most of them, but appealing by their very quietude, and flecked with real humor. The book is no harangue on Indian misfortune; it stands on its own literary merit without leaning on propaganda, but one cannot read these admirable sketches without a final impression that the wards of a supposedly paternal government have been in the hands of a succession of stepfathers.

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A Diary of the Russian Revolution, by James L. Houghteling, Jr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

IT is worth knowing that Sir George Buchanan sought in every way to avoid a revolution by strengthening the Duma. Interesting, too, the fact that while "seven husky Russian doughboys" were assigned to the American Embassy, the French and British each preferred "a guard of honor of twenty-four noblemen's sons from the Corps des Pages." Much other excellent second-hand information was got from charming tea-tables, diplomats, officers, society people and business men by Mr. Houghteling, foreign to the language and the people, who spent three months on Petrograd's Fifth Avenues and Lake Shore Drives. But what first hand experiences there are in the book are usually of the pot-shot, red flag and machine gun aspects of popular revolt. Mr. Houghteling had no contact with laborers or soldiers, but shows the reflected as well as genuine hostility toward "untidy" workmen and "bloodthirsty" socialists of a man who, one suspects, takes business efficiency to be the crown and consummation of revolution.

America at War, a Handbook of Patriotic Education References, edited by Albert Bushnell Hart for the Committee on Patriotism through Education of the National Security League, with a Preface by James M. Beck. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

HERE is excellent patriotic ammunition: carefully selected extracts from articles and speeches, laboriously compiled lists of books and periodicals on nearly every aspect of the war. This is an excellent bibliography to help speakers and preachers enlighten the dark areas of American opinion. America at War contains the best possible material for understanding and explaining the case of the United States against Germany. But uninformed Americans no longer ask why we entered the war, they passionately desire to know what is to come out of it. Peoples, not governments alone, are planning to make the world a decent place to live in. What kind of answer to the million questions of democracy is a handbook that says nothing about the British Labor party, that omits the word "socialists" from its index, and leaves Lloyd George as sole and chief spokesman for the Russian Revolution?

A Short History of Discovery, by Hendrik Willem van Loon. Philadelphia: David McKay. $1.50.

THE easiest way to a child's interest is the pictorial way, and for this reason Mr. van Loon has earned the right to call his book an historical appetizer. It begins with the Greeks and ends with the Puritans. The information is tactfully subordinated to the pictures, which tell in amusing lines and audacious colors the stories of all the voyages made by people who did not know where they were going—Mr. van Loon's definition of a real explorer. Not only children will like these unusual sketches, especially the one of navigation's Dark Ages.

Contributors

CHARLES H. JUDD—Psychologist, director of the School of Education in the University of Chicago.

H. N. BRAILSFORD—English publicist; author of The War of Steel and Gold and A League of Nations. Fought in the Greek Foreign Legion in 1897. British Relief Agent in Macedonia in 1903-4 and a member of the Carnegie Commission in the Balkans in 1913, besides doing much work in Turkey and the Balkans as a newspaper correspondent, usually for the Manchester Guardian.

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The War-Folk of Picardy

By Mary Masters Needham

OF THE AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR DEVASTATED FRANCE

WHAT has happened to the sinistres—the people left behind in the "liberated area" when the Germans fell back last spring? And to the emigres—those who came back? What of the American agencies that worked with them? Mrs. Needham returned recently from Blerancourt, near the great battleground of the western front and tells from first-hand experience.

Twice Devastated

By Mary Ross

OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

BATTERIES of camions, loaded with blankets, clothing, food and medicine, were made ready in Paris as early as January by the American Red Cross to rush to the help of any fresh stream of refugees dispossessed by the great German drive. A story with photographs, of the "twice refugees" is on the way to the SURVEY in response to a cable.

The Huts

By Arthur Gleason

OF THE AMERICAN Y. M. C. A. IN FRANCE

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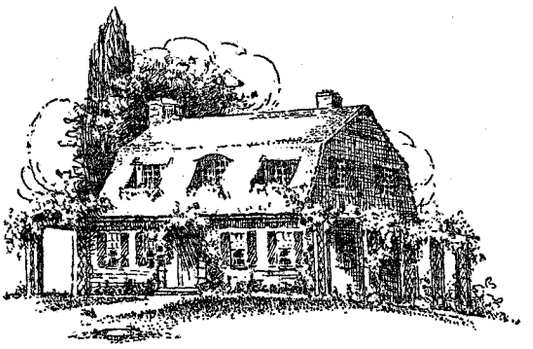

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